Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 104 —Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 29, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mme. Métaxas, wife of the Greek Minister in London

Mme. Métaxas, who has been much to the fore in the social world lately, owing to the visit of the King of Greece, is a distinguished diplomatic hostess, and gives very large dinners

No. 104.—Vol. VIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

NEW THEATRE. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
EVERY EVENING at 9.
MATINÉE, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3.
"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," by H. H. DAVIES.
CHARLES WYNDHAM, MISS MARION TERRY, and MISS MARY MOORE.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

EMPIRE THEATRE. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
"THE BUGLE CALL,"
MLLE. LIANE D'EVE, Étoile Parisienne.
And Specially Selected Varieties. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"The Watcher on the Tower." By A. G. Hales. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Circumstantial Evidence." By Albert E. Bull. (Routledge: 6d. net.)

"Princess Joyce." By Keighley Snowden. (Pitman: 6s.)

"That Moving Finger." By H. C. F. Castleman. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)

"Pauline Merrill." By Agnese Laurie-Walker. (Greening: 6s.)

"The Weaver's Shuttle." By C. Gasquoine Hartley. (Greening: 6s.)

"The Pilot at Swan Creek." By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Christmas Book of Carols and Songs." Edited by W. S. W. Anson. (3s 6d. net.)

"The Grave." By Robert Blair. New edition. (Routledge: 3s. 6d. net.)

The Poems of Matthew Arnold. New edition. (Routledge.)

"Greece." By E. S. Shuckburgh. Story of the Nations Series. (Unwin: 6s.)

"Life of Froude." By Herbert Paul. (Pitman: 16s. net.)

"Swinburne's Tragedies." Vol. III., "Bothwell." (Chatto and Windus: 6s. net.)

"The Homes of Tennyson." By Arthur Paterson. (Black: 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Scandinavian Question." By W. Barnes Steveni. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Vathek." By Wm. Beckford. New edition. (Greening: 1s. 6d. net.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"In the Realms of the Ice King." By C. F. Suffling. (Pitman: 5s.)

"Peterkins." Translated from the German by Mrs. John Lane. Illustrated by Cottington Taylor. (John Lane: 3s. 6d.)

"The Radium Seekers." By Fenton Ash. (Pitman: 5s.)

"The Stowaway's Guest." By Henry Charles Moore. (Pitman: 5s.)

"Living Toys." Adapted from the French by Mrs. Harold Neill. Illustrated by "Job." (Sealey Clark: 5s.)

"Duck and Dutchies." By Walter Copeland. (Blackie: 6d. net.)

"A. Apple Pie Alphabet." By Mrs. W. Harbutt. (Dean: 1s. 6d.)

"Blots and Titters and Other Fairy Fancies." By Aug. J. Ferreira. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)

Random Jottings

It was a happy coincidence that, just as the Chairman of the River Committee stated that the L.C.C. had an unanswerable case for their winter steamboats, Sir Archibald Geikie should have mentioned that a second Deluge might be expected shortly. Ratepayers may grumble, but if there is going to be a second Deluge, there can be no doubt that the L.C.C. boats will come in useful. Of course, the Deluge may not come this winter, but that won't be the L.C.C.'s fault. You cannot leave these things to chance.

I doubt if the example of the Chicago tailor who has started charging by weight for the clothes he makes will be followed in this country. Men's tailors might try it, for men take rather a pride in their weight. As a man, I should prefer to know I was being charged extra because I weighed fourteen stone —a sound weight for a 'Varsity oar or an International forward—than to know I was being charged because I was sixty round the waist, or the height and figure of a lamp-post. But ladies' tailors would be ill-advised to make the experiment. A woman of fashion does not mind paying extra because she is of a handsome figure. But to be led up to a machine, and see the figure on the dial mark seventeen stone, would mean the final and abrupt conclusion of those pleasant courtesies which should exist between the tailor and his fair client.

Why have we not a Buss Tag, or day of humiliation for national shortcomings, as they have in Prussia? It would be rather nice to get all our humiliation for degenerate footballers, decreasing birth-rates, increasing taxes, Passive Resisters, the House of Lords, the War Office, and what not, over and done with in a day. If for one day the Opposition could go into mourning for the shortcomings of the Government, and the Government could put on black hat-bands for the futility of the Opposition, and Mr. Chamberlain could lament the existence of Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Churchill could cover his face because he loved his country and could not forget that Mr. Chamberlain still lingered on—if this could all be done on one and the same day, how much valuable time might be saved. As it is, people dwell on the national shortcomings of other people too much, and it becomes a nuisance.

Some indignation has, we understand, been expressed by our younger writers at the announcement that in the 1906 edition of "Who's Who," the number of a man's sons and daughters will be given. They consider that, unless this work is to exist for the sole purpose of advertising veterans, it is imperative that, instead of a man's sons and daughters, nurse's name should be substituted.

Quite a cheerful prospect is held out for us in an Italian journal by one Professor Birnbaum, a German. "In the Pacific, Britain will hand over her sceptre to Japan, and the United States will police the Atlantic. Italy, the former Queen of the Mediterranean, will resume command of the seas. Germany will control the Baltic." He also meant to say, of course, that Holland will command the North Sea, France the English Channel, and Britain—why, of course, how absurd of us to forget—the Thames. There, at any rate, a British fleet will continue to rule the waves.

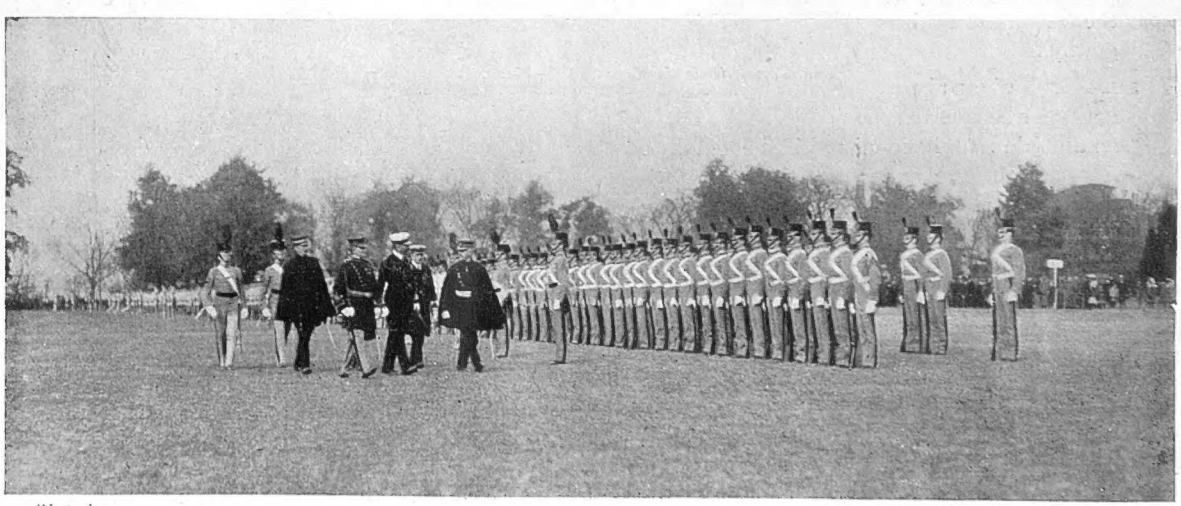


Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Prince Louis of Battenberg inspecting the cadets at West Point

Note the uniform, and especially the shako, worn at the American "Sandhurst," which makes these juvenile cadets smack of the veterans who fought under Wellington. The traditions of West Point, in the matter of pugilistic encounters, have been much quoted of late, owing to a fatal encounter which took place between two midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy. The feeling is that in the matter of set fights to a finish the Academy should fall into line with West Point, where such encounters were abolished, together with ragging, four years ago

Predictions for 1906

[*The extraordinary success of our Predictions for* 1905 *has encouraged us thus early to publish our prophesies for* 1906. *With further acknowledgments to Old Moore.*]

JANUARY.—An Anti-Library Society will be formed during this month, and as this will consist of people who are tired of having books thrust upon them, its membership will be larger than that of any other club in the world. A dagger, engraved with the words "Death to the Tyrant," will be found on the desk of the Manager of the *Times*, and will cause some jealousy among other providers of books.

FEBRUARY.—The General Elections will be held, and every care will be taken not to infringe the copyright held by the *Daily Mail* in this direction. As a result of these, the Prime Minister will no longer be an expert golfer, and the Imperial outlook will be a gloomy one.

MARCH.—Grave apprehensions will be caused throughout the country by the increasing shortage of Army officers, but the decision of the Secretary for War to start Missing Treasure Competitions for officers only will put a different complexion upon the matter. Some resentment will be caused by the issue of an Army Order calling upon officials of the War Office to submit themselves to mental examination; yet the results will be gratifying.

A Thirst for Knowledge

THE CHILD (from London): "I—I say, when you've finished milking the cows, how do you turn it off?"

APRIL.—Ladies' spring hats will be of such an altitude that balloonists will be employed to linger about the upper air of London to see that they are on straight.

MAY.—Several passengers will be observed, towards the end of this month, shyly stepping on board the L.C.C. steamers. The engagement of two Royal personages will be announced, and it will turn out to be quite a romantic affair.

JUNE.—The *rapprochement* between Church and Stage will be signalised by the production of several plays by clergymen, in which the authors will take the leading parts. First night audiences of parishioners will be enthusiastic, especially if no collections are made.

JULY.—An extraordinary conspiracy, with extensive ramifications, will be discovered by the police, who will have every reason for suspecting that the object of the conspirators is to sell the eleventh edition of a well-known "Encyclopædia." The Volunteers will be called out, and for some time there will be a panic among those who have resolved not to have this work at any price.

AUGUST.—Several attempts to knit more closely the bonds of the *Entente Cordiale* will be made, and both at Margate and at Trouville Municipal Councillors, representing England and France, will bathe together, holding on to the same rope.

SEPTEMBER.—Some heavy bags of grouse will be made on hired moors, and other evidences of a great awakening of the national conscience will be forthcoming.

OCTOBER.—The revival of Rugby Football will be completed, and any referees who attempt to draw attention to fouls on the part of winning teams will be promptly suppressed. In order that proper attention may be paid to this great game, many large factories will close down altogether for four months.

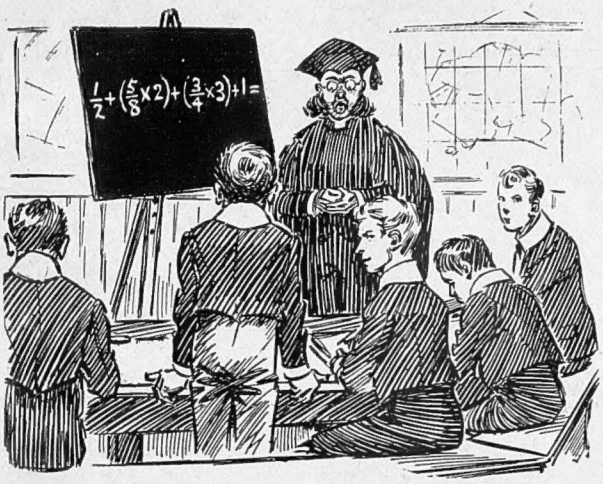
NOVEMBER.—The value of Bishops as advertising mediums will be so completely understood by this date, that no publishing house will be satisfied without having its Bishop on the staff. This will necessitate the appointment of a good many Suffragans.

DECEMBER.—The Unemployed Question will again crop up, and leading actors, authors, and music-hall artistes, will give their views on how to solve the problem. An offer made by delegates from the unemployed themselves to enter any branch of the Civil Service that may be selected will be refused on the ground that any competition in State offices is to be deprecated.

Our Christmas Number

Next week's issue will be a Double Number. Its price, however, will be Single (*i.e.* Sixpence), and its contents Singular, *i.e.* bright, cheery, helpful, soothing, and not altogether unseasonable. Stories by Mark Twain, Leonard Merrick, Harold Macfarlane, A. and M. Fischer, etc. Drawings by famous artists, and the usual features which have made THE BYSTANDER so universally popular.

The Topictator



Vulgar fractions

PEDAGOGUE: "Now, boys, I want you to do me that little sum"
SMALL BOY: "Please, sir, you've left out the wing forward"

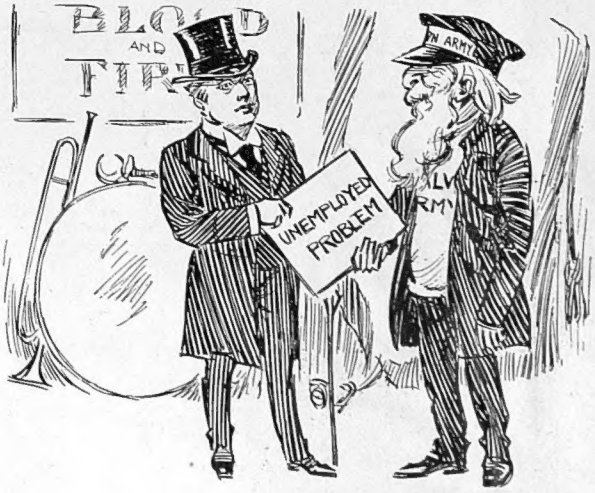
An interested party

ALFONSO: "Name of a name! but how many *more* of these charming Princesses am I going to marry?"

Count Witte (the man at the wheel): "We shall weather it yet, sire"

(*According to the "Daily Telegraph," Russia is gradually quieting down*)

"Haakon! Welcome!"



"If I were dictator——"

LORD ROSEBERY: "You're good at these problems, General. Just work this one out for me"

No. 10, Downing Street, and Its Tenants

The Cabinet Crisis

It will not be a matter of many weeks before No. 10, Downing Street, and its neighbour, No. 11, will be getting ready for new occupants, for it is practically certain that Mr. Balfour's innings is closed. The Prime Minister's house in that rather depressing thoroughfare is not the most desirable residence in London, and we fancy that, once the wrench is over, he may congratulate himself on having at last turned that gloomy heap of bricks over to——but we anticipate. The speculation as to what right honourable gentlemen or noble lords will occupy it in the course of, say, the next few years is full of interesting uncertainty. But we may at least feel fairly sure that not one of them will ever give an Opposition such a magnificent run for its money as Mr. Balfour has done. Mr. Chamberlain, they say, has split the Unionist Party; but, judging from the way things went at the Newcastle Conference, his action might better be described as chipping off a few flakes of that scarce mineral, Balfourite, from the rock of Tariff-Reforming Unionism. We can never thank him enough, at any rate, for having made politics lively after too many stagnant years. Whatever happens in the next Parliament, there will certainly be plenty of fun; though the Liberal Government (which it is quite settled that we shall have) will probably not see anything very humorous in it. What with Lord Rosebery's refusal to follow the Home Rule "banner," and its Bannerman; the Nonconformists, and Labour, their prospect of a peaceful and agreeable time among themselves is not too clear; and with Mr. Chamberlain leading the attack, the prospect of a hot time in the Party warfare is certain. Truly, No. 10, Downing Street is unlikely to prove a bower of bliss for its next tenant.

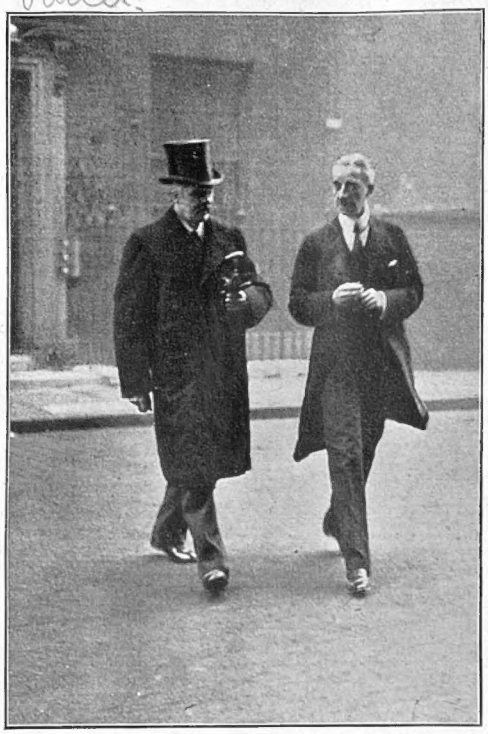


Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

The Premier going to the Cabinet Council

Mr. Balfour leaving No. 10, Downing Street, with his private secretary, to enter the Foreign Office for the "Resign-or-Dissolve" Cabinet Meeting of the 24th

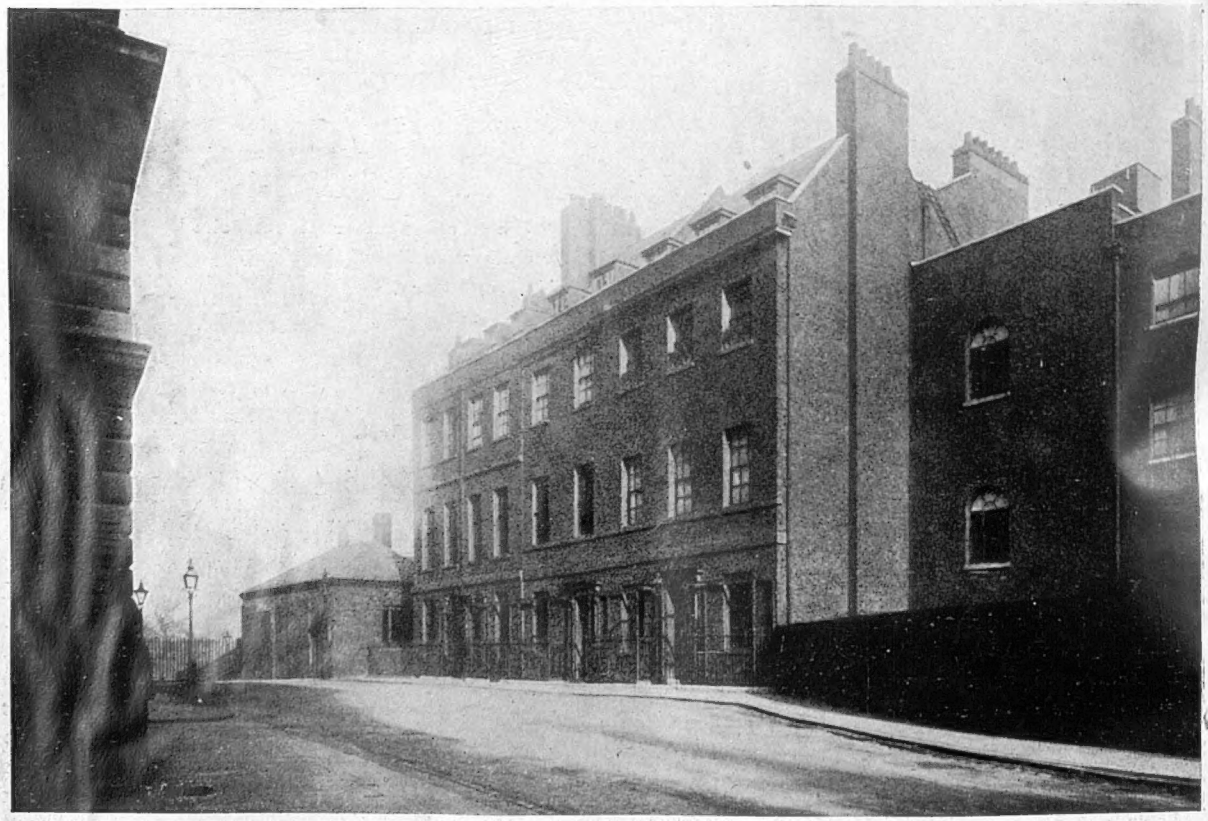
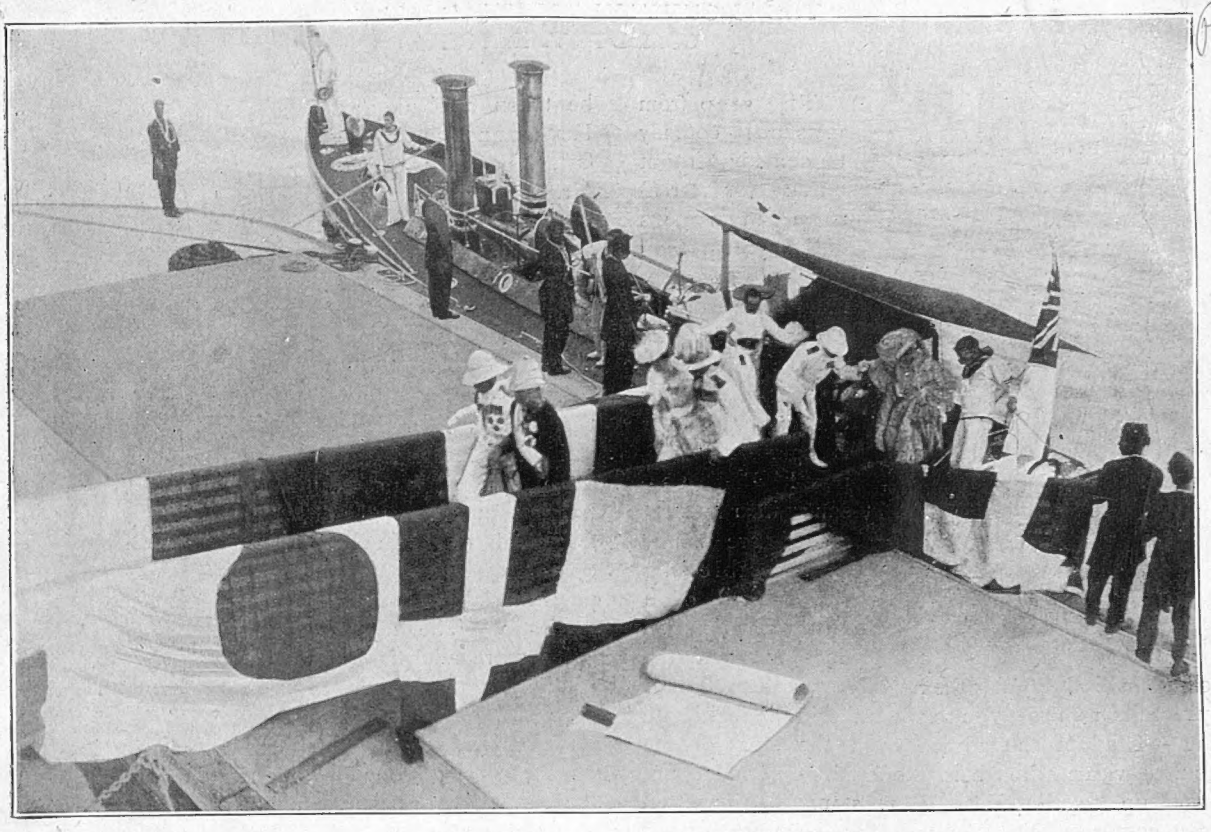


Photo by] **The house from which the Empire is governed** *[Frith*

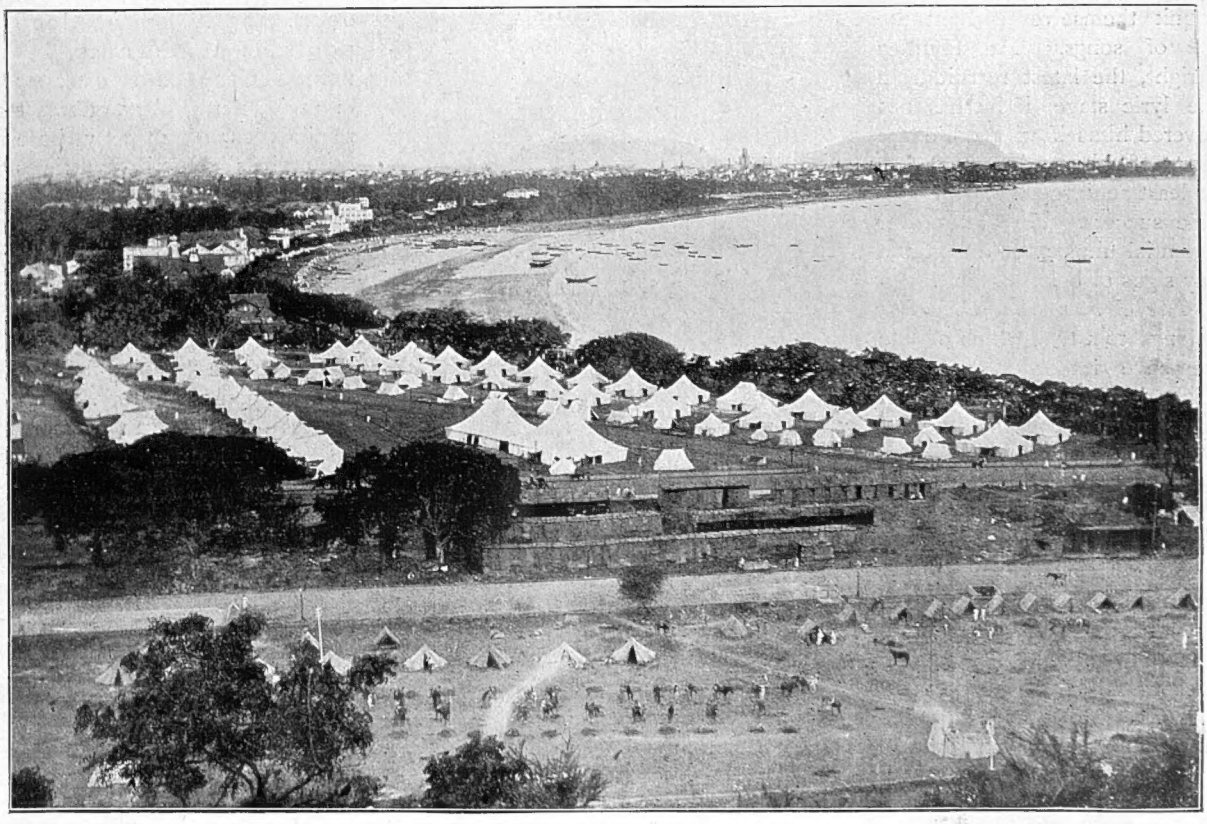
Nos. 10 and 11, Downing Street, the official residences of the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which will soon be occupied by ——? The names of the likely tenants have not come to hand at the time of going to Press

The Prince's First Glimpse of India



Their Royal Highnesses landing from the launch

The Prince and his party were met at the Quay, to which they were borne by a small green pinnace, by Lord and Lady Curzon, Lord Lamington, and other officials. The Princess was dressed in white, with touches of blue, and a splendid native gathering awaited the party on shore



Bombay Prepared to Welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales: View of the City from the camp near Government House

THE PLAYHOUSES

"THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

The step from musical comedy to comedy without music (or farce) is a momentous one, for the reason that the carping fraternity are on the *qui vive* for the musical comedy manner (whatever that may be). It is commonly supposed that the songs in a musical comedy are mainly responsible for the success of a part. This opinion does not give the comedian his due. After the notable successes achieved by recruits from the lyric to the rather more legitimate stage—I adopt the adverb from the story of the country vicar who, being offered preferment not quite up to the Very Rev. standard, suggested as a compromise the Rather Rev. — after this toll of success, it would appear as if the comedian and comedienne had made the songs rather than been made by them. This view is strengthened by the credit with which the stars of musical comedy acquit themselves without the aid of songs. Mr. Huntley Wright, the latest recruit from the lyric stage, if he has not covered himself with quite the glory of his predecessors, has at least achieved very considerable success. He skates over potential music cues without any signs of being at fault.

The Mountain Climber belongs to a type which of late we have rather missed. It might be labelled frank farce. It is preposterously ludicrous and ludicrously preposterous. If you do not laugh at the horse-play in which the characters indulge on every available occasion, if you can remain apathetic, for instance, when two table-cloths are piled on to a table to make a photographic background of Alpine scenery, then you have lost the supreme faculty of giving way and owning yourself beaten by the frankly idiotic. The tempo of the play is nearly right; it might be taken a shade faster. Farce cannot be played too fast. The cast is excellent, Mr. Wright being supported by a company as strong "on paper" as they are on the stage.

Mr. Ernest Cosham
As an editor in a rather hilarious condition

Scala Theatre

"MRS. GRUNDY"

The startling discovery that a play is not necessarily a dramatised homily upon love and marriage has not put the good old-fashioned domestic play quite out of court. Many plays not labelled such are domestic. The adjective is no more alluring when applied to plays than to persons. Jones can find no possible grounds for offence at being termed a domesticated man, but there are many quite respectable members of the great Jones' family who would inwardly prefer being put down as rather a high flyer. So it argues distinct courage on the part of Madeleine Lucette Ryley to classify her play in such wise that the most we can expect of it is that it will flow peacefully by like an English river, occasionally forming deep pools of tenderness, but never boiling into cataracts of excitement. *Mrs. Grundy* reminds us of those verbose sententious leading articles upon the text, *mens sana in corpore sano*, which occasionally appear in the great penny daily papers when nothing much is stirring. Their purport is to recall to us, gently, the real bearing of the "playing fields of Eton" upon our history. This species of article can no more be criticised than can *Mrs. Grundy*.

The "Plot" of the Play

The story has been cleverly stretched into four acts. Told plainly without interludes, it would serve as the scenario for a harmless necessary curtain-raiser. The play is of the unsophisticated order that excuses the use of the word "plot." The "plot," briefly, is as follows: The Rev. E. Sotheby

descends upon "the suburban end of a small provincial town in the Midlands" (*vide* programme) to find that Will Topplethwaite (engaged to Amelia Jevons) has made a very pressing appointment with Kittie Barson (his true love). The parson offers her, as an alternative engagement, a pew in the church for his new sermon. Kittie, being lamentably weak, plumps in favour of her adored one, and the twain take train for distant parts. Kittie, unmindful of the good old saying that "You may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," jibs at the critical moment, and after an uncomfortable séance in a station waiting-room (the graveyard of many a promising romance), returns to the village to find that she is a square peg in a round hole. Alas, for the value of repentance, in certain circumstances, at the eleventh hour. She went away with an honourable young man, whose only thought was marriage, and she treated him as though he had been the villain of *feuilleton*.

The Prodigal's Unwelcome Return

The return of the runaway only made matters worse. It angered the honourable Will, it did not improve her position with her dear relations (the station story would not go down with them), and it forced her to seek refuge with the Rev. E. Sotheby, thereby undoing all the good work he had achieved among his parishioners, for, of course, the fair Kittie was not allowed to become the nurse of the parson's four-year-old boy without things being said. Things were said, and action taken to such purpose that the Rev. E. Sotheby (in love with Mrs. Patullo) in desperation offered marriage to Kittie. This note of the playwright's sounded like a cracked bell. It was quite ineffective dramatically, and it was a relief when the absurd situation exploded. Kittie crept out of the play after discovering that her protector was in love with Mrs. Patullo (no married woman, but an up-to-date young lady who invented a husband for the emancipation his name brought her).

The acting in the play calls for little comment, though a word of praise is due for the manner in which Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Gertrude Elliott, and Master Herbert Hollom played the sentimental passages with which the play was sprinkled. E. C. S.

An improvised background of Alpine scenery

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Bystander" Theatre Guide

Drury Lane, at 8: *The Prodigal Son.*—Hurry up and book seats, for even a Prodigal Son has to make way for Christmas Pantomime.

His Majesty's, at 8: *Oliver Twist.*—Adaptation a series of excellent "bits," especially Mr. Tree's Fagin.

Haymarket, at 8.30: *Privy Council.*—Neat Pepysian piece. 9.10: *Lucky Miss Dean.*—A fresh little play.

Garrick, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—Has passed the fiftieth night mark.

Adelphi, at 8: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*—Shakespearean plays are a strong and welcome feature of Otho Stuart's management.

Wyndham's, at 8.45: *Public Opinion.*—An amusing farce, with one situation running through three acts without slowing down.

New, at 9: *Captain Drew on Leave.*—Going very strong.

Court, at 8.15: *Man and Superman.*—Intending Benedicks should see it before taking the plunge.

Duke of York's, at 8.15: *Sherlock Holmes.*—The last week.

Imperial, at 8.15: *The Temptation of Samuel Burge.*—New farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Fenn. At 8.45: *The Perfect Lover.*—An ethical play, with good situations and well acted.

Scala, at 8: *Mrs. Grundy.*—Domestic play, with sentimental interludes. Master Herbert Hollom a wonderful stage child.

Apollo, at 8.15: *Mr. Popple (of Ippleton)* is Mr. Huntley in his best form, as a countryman in London.

Waldorf, at 8.45: *Lights Out.*—The first dish of the strong meat drama with which playgoers are now to be served.

Great Queen Street Theatre: The German Company.—Always worth a visit.

Musical plays at Daly's, Criterion, Gaiety, Lyric.—Take them in order named.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Photo by Illustrations Bureau

A book boomed by murder

The work on the "alien peril," to advertise which Mr. Terry shot a Chinaman

A "Puff" from a Pistol

The action of Mr. Lionel Terry, who shot an aged Chinaman in New Zealand in order to draw attention to his work on the yellow peril, "The Shadow," for which he has been sentenced to death, is happily not likely to fire other authors in this country to similar deeds. In London, fortunately, advertisement requires no such bloodthirsty aid. It would really be terrible if Mr. Shaw, for instance, instead of writing "Mrs. Warren's Profession" with purple ink, and thus getting it the advertisement of suppression, had aired his grievance by hurling bombs into Bayswater back parlours, or if the author of "When It Was Dark," instead of getting his new serial in the *Daily Mail* on the unemployed boomed by a bishop, had gone about shooting shipbuilders in Shadwell.

Mrs. Fitzroy Erskine

Society is still gossiping over the sudden and romantic marriage which was recently celebrated at the Maidenhead Registry Office between Mr. "Fitzroy" Erskine, as he is usually called, and Mrs. Winifrede Cross, of Peebles Court, near Maidenhead. Mr. Fitzroy Erskine, who is thirty-five, is a well-known man about town, and a brother of the Duchess of Sutherland. Mrs. Cross has been married for some eight years to Mr. Jack Cross. She divorced him, the "decree absolute" being given this summer, but she still remains on speaking terms with her late husband. Mrs. Cross is a fascinating little lady, with a pronounced *beauté de diable*, and doesn't in the least mind what she says.

Photo by Esmé Collings, Ltd.

Mrs. Fitzroy Erskine

Who, having divorced her late husband, Mr. Jack Cross, has suddenly married Mr. Fitzroy Erskine, brother of the Duchess of Sutherland

Madame Métaxas

Madame Métaxas (whose portrait appears as the frontispiece of this issue), the wife of the Greek Minister, has recently been much in evidence, owing to the entertainment of her husband's Sovereign master, King George. She comes of an ancient family, of which Prince Cantacuzène of Roumania is the present head. She and her only daughter, Miss Marie Métaxas, are very fond of London, and go out a great deal, and their exquisite gowns always provoke a certain amount of sensation at those Courts attended by them, for they have exceptionally good taste, and the Ambassadress has splendid jewels.

Photo by Illustrations Bureau

Mr. Lionel Terry

The author of "The Shadow," sentenced to death, but subsequently to penal servitude for life, in New Zealand for the murder of a Chinaman

The German Menace in Holland

Last week, the Dutch States-General were very seriously considering the question of the succession in the event of Queen Wilhelmina's demise, there being no heir to her marriage with Prince Henry. There is an old law of the Dutch Constitution which provides that the Sovereign may re-marry after a fruitless union of more than five years, and some idea is held in Holland of putting this law into force, for the very good reason that the next-of-kin to the throne is a German, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and after him the Prince of Reuss, also a German. Such a succession would, of course, be after the Kaiser's own heart. Holland, with its magnificent harbours, would immeasurably improve Germany's naval and commercial position, and in the Dutch East Indies, the Kaiser would find a ready-made Colonial Empire of enormous wealth. But the Dutch are not exactly extinct as a Power, so that prospect may yet be averted. It is said that the Queen-Mother would be appointed Regent in the event of the Queen's demise, pending a settlement of the succession, while the Radical and Socialist

The Succession in Holland

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her mother-in-law, the Grand Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

element openly favour a Republic. In that case, among those who will most certainly exclaim, "*Vive la Republique!*" will be John Bull, for the "watch on the North Sea" becomes doubly necessary in view of so interesting a possibility as the occupation of its opposite shores by our amiable friends—the Germans.

Photos by *Jungmann and Settern*

H.R.H. The Prince Consort of Holland Duke Henry of Mecklenburg (on the right) driving in the Hague

Poet, Dramatist, Engineer, and Prince

The Prince of Montenegro's Manifesto

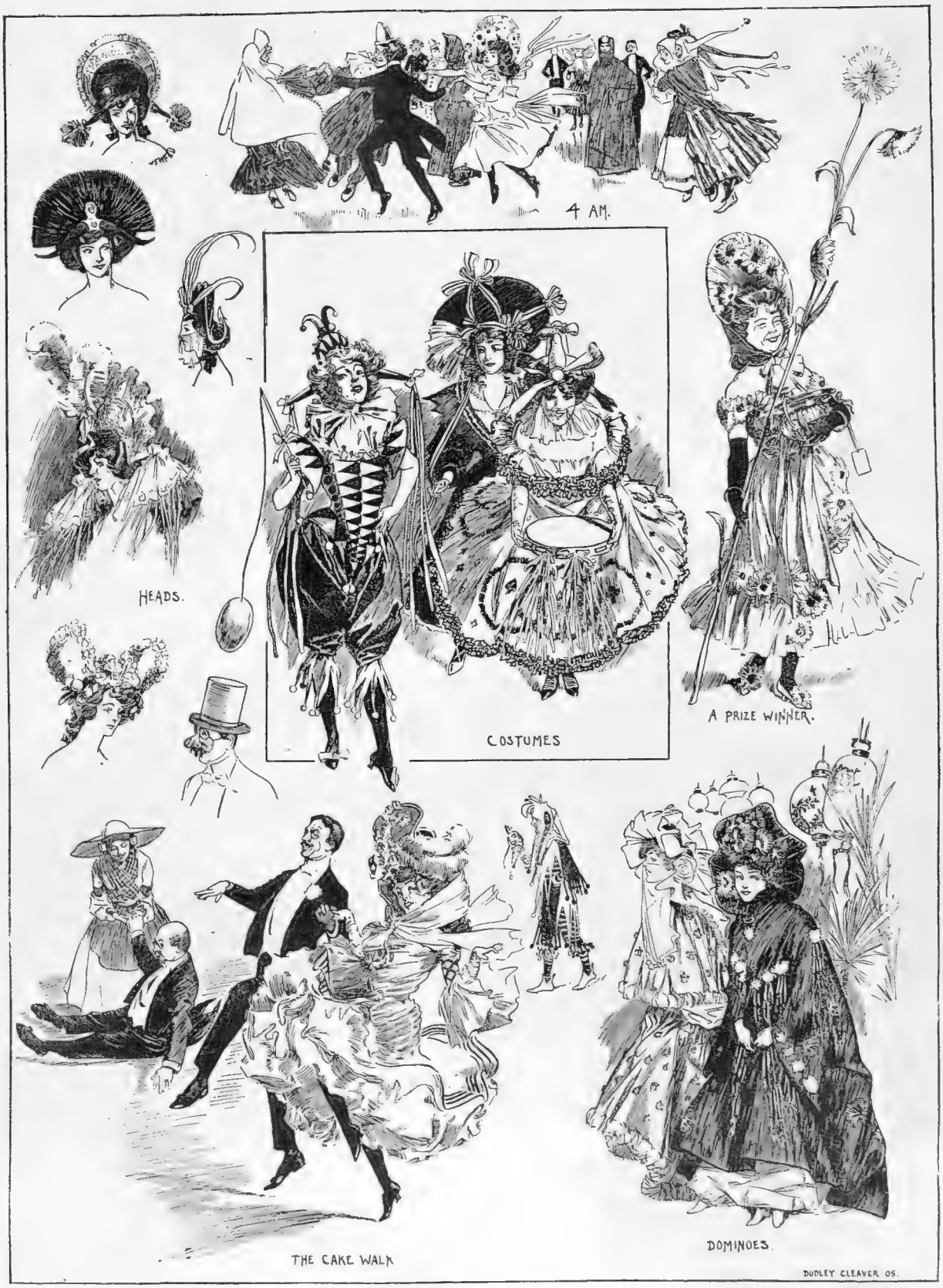
Now that Constitutions are in vogue, the ruler of Montenegro has determined that his little Principality shall not be behind hand, and has just issued a manifesto to that effect. Prince Nicholas has thus wisely forestalled any misunderstandings between himself and his subjects on a matter at present dividing Russia into two such determined parties. After some months' reflection, he has come to the conclusion that autocracy is out-of-date in Europe. The Prince's present might have, nevertheless, proved a white elephant to the heroic and primitive population of Montenegro, but that his generosity is tempered by prudence. After impressing on them that the proposed Constitution is the gift of his own free will, he states that he will continue to help them to find out what they want, and how much of it is good for them.

H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro
Who has just drawn up a Constitution for his little Principality

The State of Montenegro has hitherto flourished under patriarchal rule, and the hardy mountaineers, inured to warfare by incessant skirmishes with Turk and Albanian, have never aspired to the exercise of those civic and political duties which must henceforth complicate their lives. Prince Nicholas, Generalissimo, Chief Judge, and Absolute Ruler in Montenegro, has also devoted his personal talents to the country's cultural progress. He is the first poet and dramatist in the land—his best work, "The Balkan Tsaritsa," has been represented in many European theatres—and he has composed the school curriculum. All industrial undertakings are submitted to his judgment, and he supervises even architectural or engineering plans of public importance

The Prince's daughters have made brilliant alliances. One is Queen of Italy, two are Grand-Duchesses of Russia, and one is a Princess of Battenberg. Crown Prince Danilo has married a Princess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, daughter of a Royal Princess of Great Britain; and his second son, Prince Mirko, whose cordial relations with King Edward in Marienbad were lately the theme of excited German and Slav journalists, has, by his marriage with a daughter of the House of Obrenovitch, been credited with aspirations to the throne of Servia. Prince Nicholas has other sons and daughters for whom equally brilliant alliances are predicted.

View of Christiania from the window of the Royal Palace
The Capital of the new King Haakon of Norway, where His Majesty has now taken up his official residence

At a Covent Garden Ball

RANDOM SKETCHES BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

5 Phots. Pol.

"Dress Parade"

SHOWING OFF THE LATEST PARIS "CONFECTIONS"

Morning inspection at Paquin's, where the models are exclusively guarded

Pretty "Mannequins" exhibiting costumes at Armand's of the kind to be later seen in London

"Dress Parade"

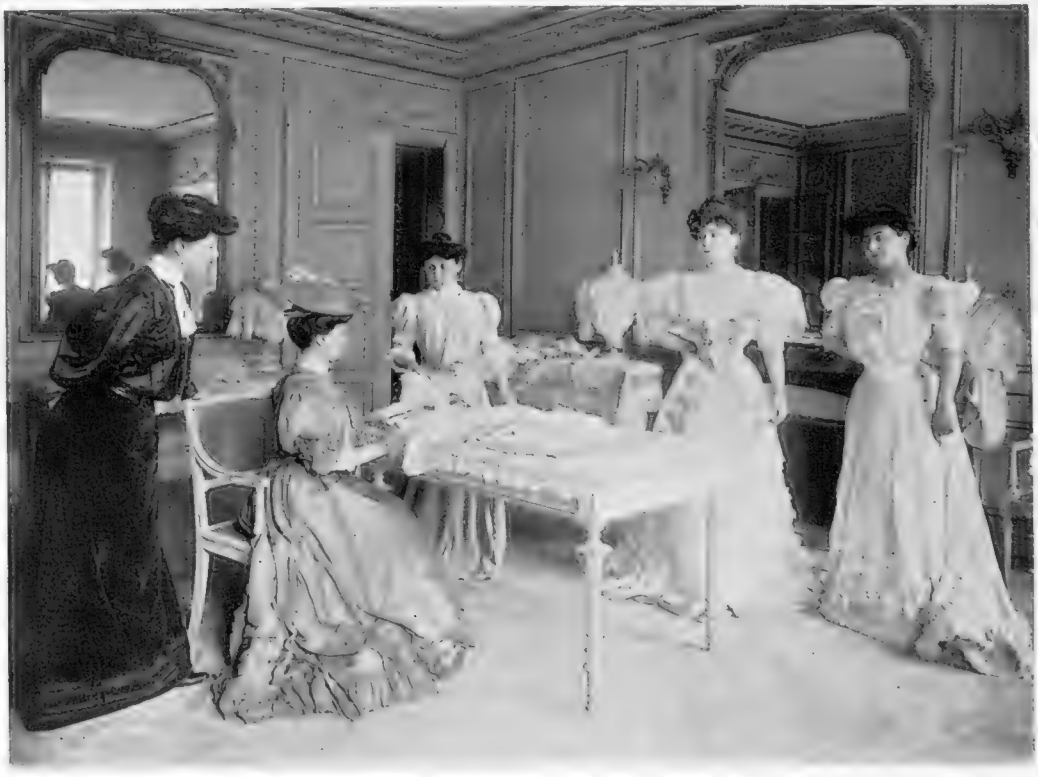
FRENCH MODELS FOR LONDON SHOWROOMS

Preparing a "Mannequin" (model) for "Parade"

French girls, known as "Mannequins," are considered to "sell" gowns better than English, owing to their superior *aplomb*

"Mannequins" passing down the staircase of Beer's

(formerly the Palace of the Military Governor, but now the most exclusive salon in Paris), where the models in regal "confections" may only be seen by the privileged



"Parade" at Panem's, Rue Royal, where the demi-toilette and original blouse design form a great speciality

The Past Racing Season

A RESUME OF ITS CHIEF FEATURES

Not a Brilliant Racing Year

Has there been any distinguishing feature of the flat-racing season of 1905 likely to render it memorable in the annals of the Turf? I think not. Pretty Polly has remained to witch us with her amazing brilliance, and Delaunay still ranks as the best horse in training over six furlongs; but even in the case of these two horses the season has been a disappointment. We saw much less of Pretty Polly than we should have done had she not unluckily strained the muscles of her back. From June 1, when she gained her memorable victory over Zinfandel and Caius, in record time, in the Coronation Cup at Epsom, until October 17, when she came out at Newmarket to show her superiority over Hackler's Pride, the happily-styled Queen of the Turf was absent from the scene of her triumphs. Thanks to Pretty Polly going amiss, Lord Howard de Walden was able to win perhaps the most coveted of all racing trophies, the Ascot Gold Cup, with Zinfandel, who, good horse that he always was, could never have beaten Major Loder's mare at even weights. For Delaunay the season was even shorter than for Pretty Polly, for he was a victim of the coughing epidemic which has caused so much trouble this year, and he was not seen on the racecourse after July 6.

Mr. W. Hall Walker

Who won the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks with Cherry Lass, and heads the list of winning owners in 1905

Moderate Three-year-olds

So far as we can judge, the three-year-olds of 1905 have been distinctly below average excellence. Classic form is represented by Vedas, Cicero, Cherry Lass, and Challacombe. Not one of the four can be termed a great racehorse, and probably Cherry Lass is the best of them, for her form in the St. Leger seemed too bad to be true. Unfortunately, we shall not see any more of Cherry Lass, as Mr. Hall Walker is sending her to the paddocks. Vedas was unlucky in meeting with an accident soon after his victory in the Two Thousand Guineas, and while I think his latest exhibitions can be safely ignored on the grounds of lack of condition, I am doubtful whether he will ever prove himself as good as the average Two Thousand winner. Cicero I regard as just a good-class three-year-old, and nothing more. I feel convinced that he would not have won the Derby had not Jardy been still under the baneful influence of his recent illness. Moreover, Val d'Or defeated Lord Rosebery's colt fairly and squarely in the

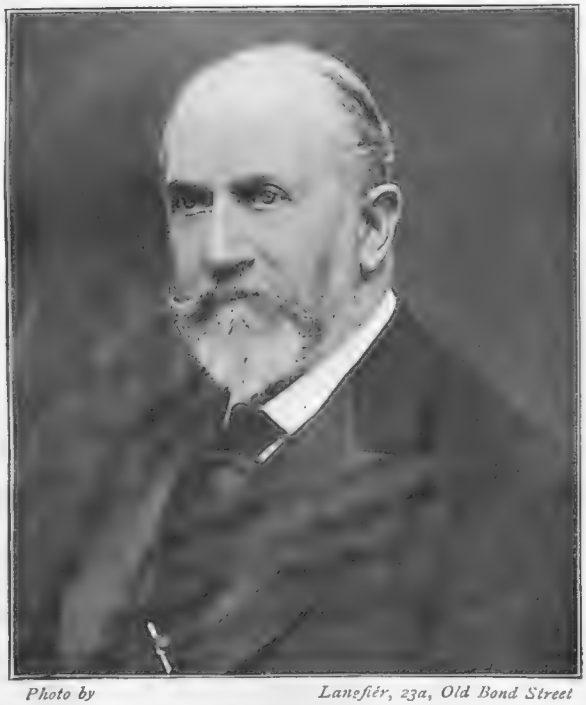


Photo by Lanefiér, 23a, Old Bond Street

The Earl of Derby

Winner of more races (thirty-three) than any other owner during the past flat-racing season

Photo by Beresford

Sir Edgar Vincent

Owner of Donnetta, Ulalume, and other good winners

Eclipse Stakes, and proved the Derby winner to be by no means a wonder. Challacombe won the St. Leger for Mr. Washington Singer by his sterling staying qualities, but he is as far removed from what is generally accepted as a "great" horse as Vedas is.

And Indifferent Two-year-olds

If the crack three-year-olds of the past season cannot be deemed a particularly good lot, what can be said of the juveniles, who have run in-and-out in the most puzzling fashion? By no stretch of imagination can we wax enthusiastic over these two-year-olds, and the general opinion is that they do not attain to the average quality. Fifty years ago we should have been confronted with long quotation lists on the ensuing Derby at this time of the year. But that day has gone, and is never likely to return. People do not care, in the twentieth century, to wager upon a horse for a race six or twelve months hence, and the amount of ante-post betting on the Derby and other big races is becoming smaller every year. Nevertheless, spasmodic attempts are certain to be made during the next few weeks to open a winter book upon the Derby of 1906, and in that case Mr. W. B. Purefoy's colt Lally is sure to rank as favourite. The last two months of the past season led to the utter decline of such well-thought-of youngsters as Admirable Crichton, Colonia, and Black Arrow, but Lally had no engagement after September 9, so that while the other presumed cracks were going down in all directions his reputation remained unsullied simply because he was not racing. It is quite possible, of course, that even if Lally had been seen in public after the date mentioned he would only have increased his fame by fresh victories. On the other hand, he might have shared in the general *débâcle*. We must give him the benefit of the doubt, and, taking his efforts for the season as a whole, he comes out clearly as the best youngster of the year.

W. T. Robinson

First on the list of winning trainers. He prepared the classic winners, Vedas and Cherry Lass

Mr. S. B. Joel

Owner of St. Denis and Bachelor's Button. Mr. Joel (on the right) is seen discussing the prospects of a race with that sound authority on the Turf, Mr. John Corlett

Major Eustace Loder

He is seen leading in Pretty Polly after one of her classic triumphs last season. W. Lane, who is in the saddle, is recovered from his bad accident, and hopes to ride again next year

Mr. P. P. Gilpin

Second on the list of successful trainers. He has done remarkably well at Clarehaven Lodge, having trained Pretty Polly, Delaunay, and other notable winners

Black Arrow's Vagaries

There was no more interesting feature of the past season than the extraordinary running of Black Arrow. Early in May, Mr. Hall Walker's colt came to Newmarket with a reputation so high that, although this was his first appearance on a racecourse, he started a raging favourite against seventeen opponents for the Newmarket Plate. At the starting-gate Black Arrow behaved like an old hand; he jumped away the best of anything, soon established a long lead, and finally won in absurdly easy fashion. I do not remember any two-year-old creating so much of a sensation on running for the first time, and when Black Arrow followed up his initial success by easily

O. Madden

A close second on the winning jockeys' list

carrying off the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, we all imagined we had seen a veritable champion of champions. The awakening came at Goodwood. Only a couple of moderate performers opposed him for the Ham Stakes, and the race was reckoned virtually a walk-over for the colt. Some people actually laid 20 to 1 on him, but, to their horror, he behaved disgracefully at the gate, and was left behind when the webbing was eventually raised. Robinson, his trainer, at once set to work in an endeavour to cure his waywardness, and we all thought that his methods had been successful when the colt easily won his next race, the Champion Stakes at Derby. But in the same week he again showed villainous temper at Kempton Park, where he was beaten by Lally and Succory. Subsequently he went down badly at Doncaster and Newmarket, and the colt whom we believed was to make turf history became a hopelessly shattered idol. Possibly a long rest will do him good, but I am afraid his bad temper is inherited from his mother's side, and will never leave him.

E. Wheatley

Although an apprentice until a few weeks ago, Wheatley is at the head of the winning jockeys for 1905

Other Interesting Youngsters

At one period of the season, Mr. W. Hall Walker had good reason to imagine that in Black Arrow he possessed the best two-year-old colt, and in Colonia the best filly of that age. But the end of the season was as disappointing for the one as for the other. Colonia had won all her five races right off the reel before her owner decided to start her at Newmarket for a second time in two days. It was a fatal policy. The filly could not raise a gallop against Mr. W. R. Wyndham's Athi and Lord Howard de Walden's His Eminence, and was comfortably beaten. She was started a fortnight later for the Criterion Stakes, but this time was defeated with equal ease by Lord Howard de Walden's Certosa, so that it is now impossible to consider her as a better filly than Sir Edgar Vincent's Ulalume, Sir Daniel Cooper's Flair, or Mr. J. B. Joel's Waterflower. Possibly as good as any of these is Mr. R. Croker's Vain Glory, but as she has run in Ireland for the most part it is impossible to gauge her merits with any exactitude. My personal opinion is that Flair is the best of the two-year-old fillies. Her victory over her stable companion, Admirable Crichton, in the historic Middle Park Plate, was most impressive, and she showed that this performance was no mere flash-in-the-pan by carrying off the Free Handicap under top-weight.

Successful Owners of the Year

Mr. W. Hall Walker has the satisfaction of heading the list of winning owners for the season. At one time Cherry Lass and the young Count Schombergs seemed likely to carry all before them, but the second half of

W. Higgs

He has made a rapid advance during the past two seasons, and is now third on the list

the season was not quite so prosperous for Mr. Hall Walker's colours as the first moiety had been. Up to the 22nd inst. the total value of the stake-money earned by Mr. Walker's horses was £23,687, towards which Cherry Lass (£13,119), Colonia (£4,618), and Black Arrow (£3,019), had made the largest contributions. Lord Derby, who came second on the list, has £18,524 to his credit, together with the distinction of having won more races than any other owner, viz., thirty-three. His most successful horses were Persinus, Gemma, His Majesty, and Chaucer. Mr. S. B. Joel was third with twenty-six races worth £17,759, and following in close order came Mr. Washington Singer, Major Eustace Loder, Sir Edgar Vincent, and Lord Rosebery. Mr. S. Joel owes his prominent place largely to the victory of St. Denis in the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £7,435, while that fine horse, Bachelor's Button, placed £4,542 to his account. Much the best winner owned by Mr. Singer was Challacombe, while Major Eustace Loder, who was second to Sir James Miller in 1904, has had to thank Pretty Polly, Adula, and Admirable Crichton for the bulk of his winnings this year. Donnetta, whose consistent running in handicaps was one of the features of the season, gained most money for Sir Edgar Vincent, though the two-year-old Ulalume was not very far behind her.

H. Randall
Fifth among the successful jockeys

D. Maher
This fine horseman has the best percentage, having ridden 101 winners in 411 races

Jockeys and Trainers

The great success of the Baumber trainer, W. E. Elsey, and his erstwhile apprentice, Elijah Wheatley, was a notable event of the past period of flat-racing. Elsey started the season with about seventy horses in his stables, and with them he had managed to win the record number of one hundred and twenty-three races up to November 22, no fewer than sixty-five winners having been prepared by him during the course of the season. Wheatley was not out of his indentures until the autumn, and, for the greater part of the season, we had the unique spectacle of an apprentice heading the list of winning jockeys. For some weeks it was a keen race between Wheatley and the popular American horseman, Danny Maher, but the latter did not ride much towards the end, and eventually not only Wheatley and Otto Madden, but W. Higgs as well, passed him on the list. Nevertheless, Maher possesses much the best average, and, after all, that is the true test of successful jockeyship. His complete record for the season is: 411 mounts, 101 firsts, 84 seconds, 58 thirds; percentage, 24·57. Next to Maher, Wheatley claims the best percentage, and for an unfashionable jockey his record is very fine. Among the trainers, W. T. Robinson comes out on top in point of money won. With Vedas he secured the Two Thousand Guineas, and with Cherry Lass the One Thousand, the Oaks, and other valuable races, being also responsible for Black Arrow and Colonia. Mr. P. P. Gilpin, who has enjoyed enormous success at Clarehaven Lodge, has been to the front with Pretty Polly, Delaunay, Flair, Hammerkop, Adula, Nirvanah, and Admirable Crichton.

A. W. C.

B. Dillon
Sixth on the list of winning jockeys

Matters Musical

Mr. Vincent Thomas's "Gwenevere"

The new opera, *Gwenevere*, by Mr. Vincent Thomas, which recently filled the week's bill at the Coronet Theatre, has enjoyed rather unusual attention by virtue of the fact that the composer is a bank clerk. While I am glad to notice that certain obvious jokes anent "bank-notes," "ledger-lines," "counterpoint," etc., etc., have only had a limited vogue, some rather unkind references have been made to Mr. Thomas's professional calling. It has, for instance, been said that his music has "something of the dull routine of the counting-house." Now to connect Mr. Thomas's music in this way with his occupation may serve for a supercilious critical point, but it is illogical. Mr. Thomas's music was written *after hours*, and, as all the world knows, a clerk in his spare time is, as often as not, a positive terror, who concentrates into the small hours the emotions forbidden him in the large ones. A bank clerk's music would, in the course of nature, be charged with a rebellious spirit, full of suppressed passion, and possibly roseate to danger point, and I most certainly expected to be regaled at Notting Hill with strains compared to which "Tristan" would seem a dry, and the "Pathetic" symphony a phlegmatic, piece of work.

The Virtue of Simplicity

To the composer's credit, in this instance, it is otherwise. He is surprisingly mild in his treatment of the theme. His music is eminently smooth and tuneful, entirely free from the specious devices so beloved of the young modern composer. His simplicity is not deserving of a cheap sneer, but of unreserved congratulation. We want very much more smooth, melodious music in these days, and very much less of that overwrought, hysterical raging and tearing which the Richard Strauss school has loosened upon us. *Gwenevere* is a welcome return to what has contemptuously been called Mendelssohnian and mid-Victorian. Melancholy is "writ large" over the score, because Mr. Thomas, being a Celt, is evidently possessed of the native temperament. There are faults in the work, of course. The opera is too full of conversation, too empty of action. There are too many passages of tedious recitative, such as the wearisome monologues of Merlin, of whom Mr. Thomas has made a sort of tired Wotan. If he has here the Wagnerian fault of verbosity, he fails, in his love passages, to realise any of the Wagnerian exultation. In fact, a better conducted, more respectable pair of sweethearts than Launcelot and Gwenevere do not exist in opera. They are a model of restraint and decorum, and do not embrace in public. The performance, on the whole, was good. Mme. Aurelie Révy, in the name part, looked and sang the rôle delightfully, and Mr. Robert Cunningham was a pleasing and plaintive Launcelot. Mr. Whitney Tew was a picturesque Merlin, who did his best with a laborious undertaking, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow as Sir Modred, Mr. Edward Iles as King Arthur, and Miss Kathleen Maureen as Morgan le Fay, were quite satisfactory.

Signor de Marchi

The delightful tenor, who has appeared frequently at Covent Garden this season

A Book of Folk-Songs

The spread of folk-songs in this country is one of the most praiseworthy of musical enterprises, and it is with great pleasure that I have received the second series of "Folk-Songs from Somerset," edited by Messrs. Cecil J. Sharpe and Charles L. Marson (Simpkin and Co., Ltd., and Schott and Co.). Though "from Somerset," the songs are, of course, not peculiar to that county, but are so-called because Somerset is one of the few provinces where "Songs of the Soil" still survive. Many of the tunes bear strong resemblance to others attributed to Scotland, Ireland, and Scandinavia. The songs come as a refreshing reminder, both in the words and the music, of the England that was, before we reached our present terribly civilised condition. Study of folk-songs should be a compulsory duty of every student of composition. In them he will find a real groundwork for the construction of his themes, the same material from which Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg, Liszt, and Brahms evolved so many exquisite works.

A Famous Tenor

Signor de Marchi, whose portrait is published above, delighted his hearers at Covent Garden last Sunday week at a concert in aid of the families rendered destitute by the earthquakes in Calabria. His selections were from Puccini's operas, in which he has achieved such great distinction this season at Covent Garden. Signor de Marchi has sung at the principal opera-houses in the world, and was specially selected by Puccini to create the rôle of the hero in *La Tosca.*

Politics Stop a Concert

I had looked forward eagerly last Tuesday to hearing, at the Bechstein Hall, the St. Petersburg Quartet in music by Tschaikowsky and other Russian composers, and was somewhat dramatically robbed of my anticipated pleasure, for at the eleventh hour a notice was sent out by Mr. Hibberd, their agent, to say that, owing to the situation in Russia, the musicians had deemed it unsafe to absent themselves from their families at such an hour, and that, therefore, the concert would be postponed. I hope Count Witte will be quick and settle matters in Russia so that we may hear this Quartet soon.

V. C.

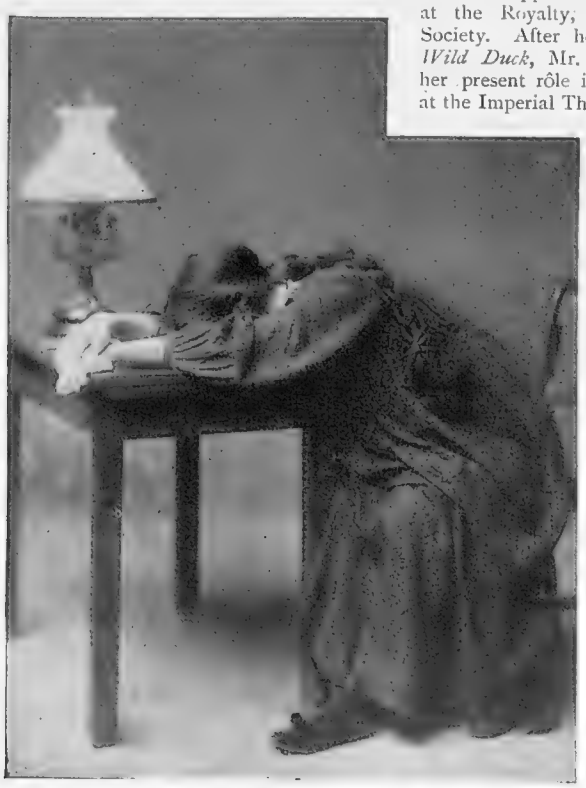
A Rôle which Brought Recognition

MISS DOROTHY MINTO, AS SHE APPEARED RECENTLY IN 'THE WILD DUCK" AT THE COURT THEATRE

"Yes, it's my wild duck, you see"

"But fancy, a letter! I've never had a letter before; and there's this written on it, 'Miss Ekdal.' Just fancy, that's me"

IT is very pleasant when the critics are unanimous in praise of a certain player. This delightful experience recently befel Miss Dorothy Minto, after her performance of Ekdal's daughter in *The Wild Duck*. Miss Minto commenced, while still at school, her preparation for the stage under that great teacher, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). She joined Mr. F. R. Benson's Company, playing many parts for a space of two years. Miss Minto made her appearance in London as Juliet, at the Royalty, with the Elizabethan Society. After her performance in *The Wild Duck*, Mr. Sutro engaged her for her present rôle in *The Faithful Lover*, at the Imperial Theatre.



Photos by

"No, no, he'll never come back"

Window and Grove

"Mother might have found me, and perhaps father has just got to know about it. I've read of such things"

FROM ABROAD

Plants That Catch Their Food

WHERE VEGETABLE VAMPIRES MAY BE SEEN AT THEIR MEALS

In connection with Professor Martin Duncan's remarks last week, at the Blenheim Club, to the effect that a number of common plants were practically carnivorous, it is interesting to note that specimens of such plants, notably the *Pinguicula caudata*, the *Drosera dicholoma droseraceæ*, and the *Nepenthes*, are actually to be seen in the act of eating at the University of Pennsylvania.

These plants—we shall not again mention their names—catch, eat, and digest their food with all the appetite of, and about twice as much science as, the average animal.

Nature's own fly-paper

The *Pinguicula Cau a a* at work catching flies for its daily food. The plant attracts to its leaves any insects that may be in the vicinity, and devours them

A Modest but Cruel Blossom

The first-named specialises on flies generally. In itself, as modest, tender-looking a bloom as ever blew, it is, nevertheless, a terror to the insect world. Students at the University may daily see the *P.C.* at luncheon, catching, killing, and slowly but surely masticating any insects that may be in its neighbourhood. It is estimated that one or two of them, during the mosquito season, would, if placed in a good position, work havoc amongst the pests.

The second of the plants referred to—the one with the three names beginning with "d"—is no less fond of insects than the *P.C.*, but brings to bear upon its work a strenuous, untiring energy, to which its rival is a stranger. The *D.D.D.* works night and day, and even when asleep, it is said that one of its petals is half open for any chance prey that may be about.

A Flower with Poisoned Fangs

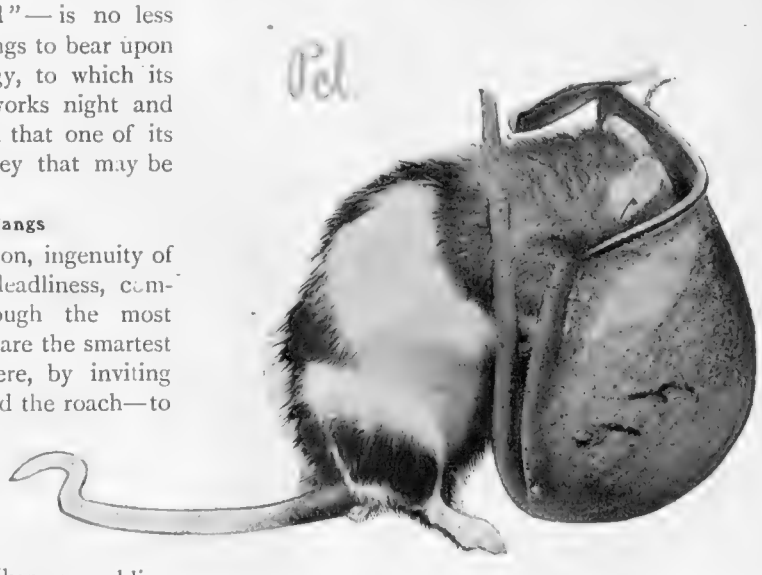
But for sheer largeness of conception, ingenuity of device, and downright destructive deadliness, commend us to the *Nepenthes*. Though the most modestly named of the group, these are the smartest of them all. They begin, as it were, by inviting their victims—the rat, the mouse, and the roach—to have a drink. This is provided in the shape of a stupefying liquid contained inside its pitcher shaped bulb. The thirsty rodent complies, but only to find inside, not only liquor, but two deadly spikes, resembling the fangs of a rattlesnake, which close with deadly effect, and hold fast the neck of the already stupefied animal till death supervenes.

Having secured its prey, the relentless *Nepenthe* sets to work to feast upon it. Juices are employed, the body is dissolved, and finally entirely devoured by the voracious vegetables.

Indigestion!

Like carnivora of the animal world, *Nepenthes* cannot endure captivity. Those at the Pennsylvania University have eaten little or nothing since their arrival from the tropics, though they have not slackened their efforts so far as the mere killing of casual creatures is concerned. The trouble is the old one of indigestion, and we are expecting every moment to hear that the pale plants have been dosed with somebody's pink pills, and instantly restored to health.

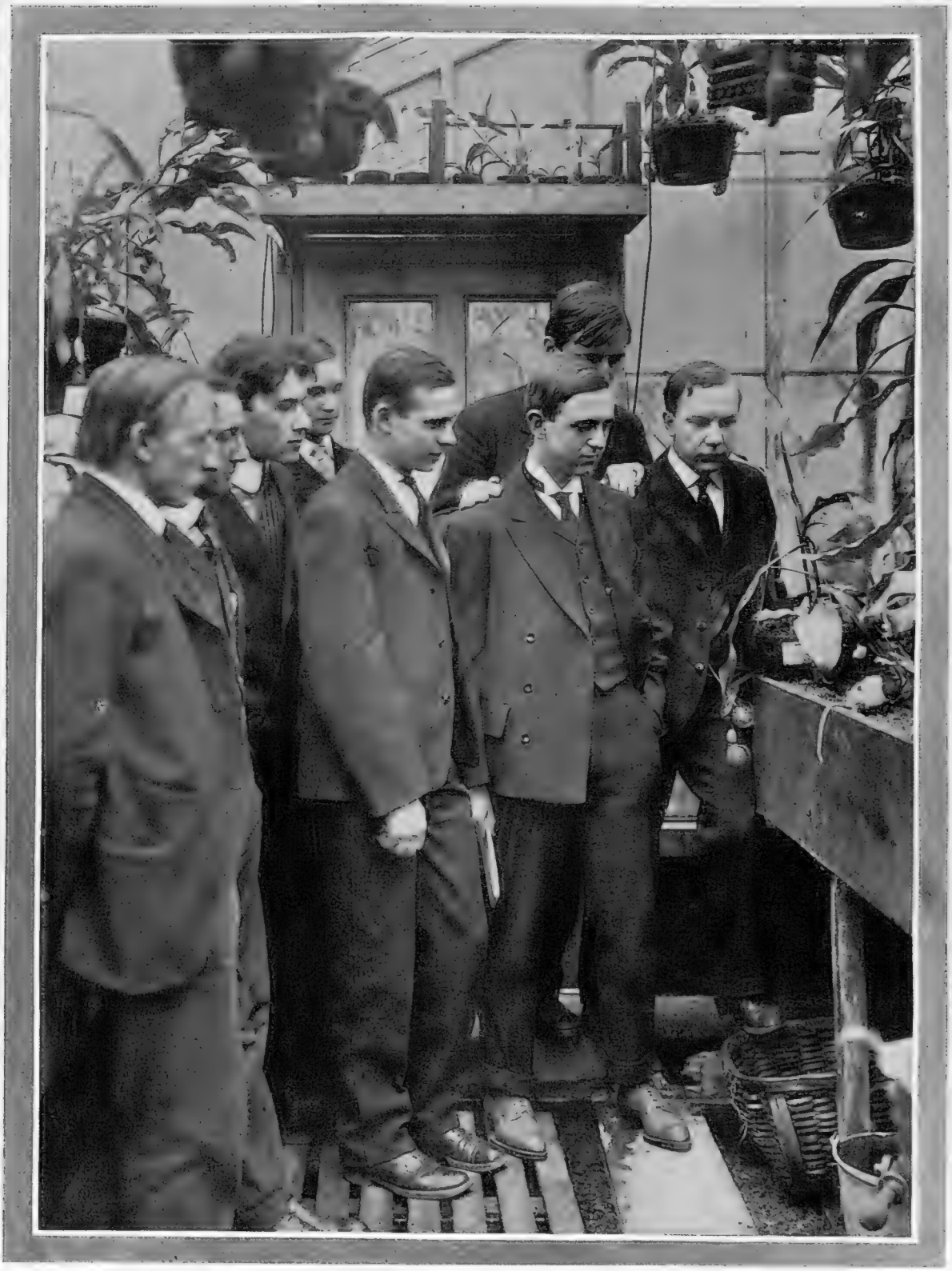
One might be inclined to adopt a few of the plants as pets, were it not that they might develop an appetite for other food than fly, mouse, or rat, through which we might find the *Nepenthes*, one day, at large in the pantry, or in the neighbourhood of the wine cellar. So, perhaps, after all, they are best where they are—in America, the land, in more senses than one, of clever plants.



The "Nepenthe" catches a rat

A daily scene in the Pennsylvania University. The plant attracts animals to peer into its bulb, and partake of a deadly liquid therein. When stupefied by it, the fangs of the plant grasp and strangle the animal

Watching the Plants at Luncheon



A curious scene in Pennsylvania University

Students watching the *Nepenthes*, or rat-catching plants, trapping and devouring a mid-day meal. They are kept in a superheated atmosphere, and take their luncheon daily unabashed by the presence of studious spectators

British Miners at Barberton

FIVE CHESTER MEN TRY "CHINESE LABOUR"

Barberton, in the Transvaal, a view of which appears on this page, has lately been the scene of a highly interesting experiment, not unlikely to be of use as political capital in the forthcoming General Election to one or other of the Parties. Some five Chester men have been working as unskilled labourers (Chinese fashion) in one of the mines there, in order to test whether or not the work is such that Englishmen might have been engaged to do it instead of the much-abused indentured Chinaman. The men were sent out there as a result of a political meeting last winter at Chester, in which Mr. Yerburgh, M.P., being heckled on the question of Chinese labour, offered to pay the expenses of a certain number of native men if they would do the work of Chinese labourers for six months. The offer was accepted and the five men, after a spell of the work, have written back to say that, though by no means a "picnic," they believe they will pull through, and be able to come back full of Party capital of the richest variety—for will they not be held up as living disproofs of the theory that unskilled mine labour is only fit for the yellow man?

Barberton, Transvaal, where five Chester men have lately been trying "Chinese labour"

Early in the year, Mr. Yerburgh, M.P., offered to pay the expenses of five Chester men if they would volunteer as unskilled labourers in a South African mine. The experiment is now in progress, and, so far, the men are "bearing up." Barberton, as will be noticed, is a pleasantly situated town in a "smiling valley," with a good climate and rich vegetation

A word about the scene of this experiment is not without interest. When the early Dutch pioneers in the Transvaal, in their journey of exploration towards the sea on the East coast, reached the valley on the slope of which Barberton now stands, they found the whole of the country obscured in a vast sea of mist, and, believing that they had actually found the sea line, they named the great Kantoor Berg "De Kaap" (the Cape). Such, at least, is the tale generally told of how the De Kaap Valley, soon to be celebrated for its gold-fields, got its name. For years afterwards the district was known as the white man's grave, for the thick bush of the valley bred deadly miasma, but with the discoveries of the gold reefs the mosquito-breeding bush was burnt down, and the district proved not merely habitable but of wonderful agricultural possibilities. It was in 1885 that the prospector Barber gave his name to the mining camp, and in the following year came the rush, as the fame of the gold-fields spread.

A rich, gold-bearing reef has actually been proved over a belt ninety miles in length, but the lack of experience of those who endeavoured to exploit it so disgusted the money-seekers, that when, in 1887, the Rand fields were proved, the populace drifted away to the new area, leaving to Barberton little more than the satisfaction of knowing that it had acted as nursery to the men whom the Rand has made famous Since then the town has cultivated patience, but if the gold which underlies the Smiling Valley at present has few seekers, the cultivator of the soil finds a wealth of golden oranges, pineapples, bananas, and pawpaws, to reward his labours.

Skyscrapers for London?

A WARNING FROM NEW YORK OF WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

The American word "skyscraper" has at last won a recognised place in the vocabulary of England. It is not a new word, but until recently it has enjoyed little recognition, for the reason that there is nothing in this Lilliputian island to which it may be applied. Now we are promised all kinds of skyscrapers, from hats to thirty-storey buildings. The hats may come first, because they take slightly less time to construct. The buildings will follow very closely, because they are run up in as many months as English contractors have taken years. The hats will come from Paris. Rumours of their terrible proportions have preceded them. They will make the ordinary matinée hat look like a Juliet cap. It is some consolation to think that the wearers will enjoy almost as much discomfort as they will entail upon hapless sightseers at theatres and other places of amusement. The lady with the skyscraper hat will have to crawl into a hansom on hands and knees, and sit with her head bowed over the doors. The skyscraper proper, meaning the steel-ribbed affair of many storeys, is even more terrifying.

Hoodwinking Britishers

The Britisher is going to be badly hoodwinked if he is persuaded into the belief that the skyscraper is a blessing. Lest our photographs should not show up sufficiently this monstrosity of modern America, we would direct the attention of the unwary reader to the fact that the proportion of the buildings in New York robs the skyscraper of half its horrors. It is all a matter of scale. Imagine for a moment the effect of plumping a thirty-storey building even in Northumberland Avenue. It would make the Gordon Hotels look like bungalows. London is ugly enough to provoke a pitying smile. Sprinkle a few skyscrapers around, and our poor city will present an appearance so woefully incongruous as to turn pity into tears. The gentleman who owns a plot of City land which he can cover with a pocket-handkerchief will rejoice when the building laws allow him to erect a slender column to high heaven for the housing of a thousand rent-payers, but the bystander of æsthetic tastes will grieve. We are informed that the American skyscraper is a thing of beauty. Loftiness alone does not constitute beauty, as he may see who turns to the next two pages.

No Use for this "Reform"

Moreover, it is one thing to regard a city of skyscrapers from a housetop, quite another to walk along the streets and be frowned upon by these elongated barracks of business. The Americans have given us reforms for which we are duly grateful, but we devoutly hope that the skyscraper will have no more success over here than the quick lunch. We would wish that the first skyscraper erected in London would topple over during the ceremony of placing the coping-stone, were it not that the fall thereof would bring devastation between its base of square inches and some far and peaceful suburb.

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

The construction of the skyscraper in New York

Cornice hands at work eighteen storeys from the street

New York Skyscrapers

AN UP-TOWN VIEW

Stereo Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

View N.E., showing St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue

In this view can be seen some of the houses of the wealthy on Fifth Avenue, which runs across the photograph to the left towards Central Park

New York Skyscrapers

A DOWN-TOWN VIEW

Stereo Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

A view across Hudson River into New Jersey

In the foreground is City Hall, where the Mayor and Corporation discharge their official duties. The big skyscraper in the centre of the picture is the Home Insurance Building. City Hall is in the centre of newspaper land, the big journals being at the back of the photographer as he took the above view

"Who-Whoop!" The East Kent Hounds kill their fox at Waldershare

(Competition photo by E. H. H. D'Aeth, *Folkestone. Prize, £1 1s.)*

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Progress of the Hunting Season

There is frost in the ground as I write, and fogs, too, threaten to interfere with hunting, but we must hope that these disturbing elements have not visited us for any length of time. Six weeks hence we shall be glad, doubtless, of a few days' rest for our horses, with the excuse for a brief run up to town; but we can ill afford to spare the good days of November, especially at a time when scent is serving well and hounds are hunting their foxes with much more dash and drive than they could command during cub-hunting. The preliminary work this year presaged an excellent season's sport, and so far anticipations have been realised to a certain extent. With the possible exception of a great two hours and thirty minutes with the Sinnington in Yorkshire, no really memorable run has been had up to the time of writing, but there are few packs which have not done consistently well, and in the week before the recent cold snap the going was as near to perfection as could be desired.

Lord Fitzhardinge

Master of the historic Berkeley pack, whose country once extended from Hyde Park in London to Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire

The Berkeley Country and its Master

It is recorded in hunting history that the original extent of the Berkeley country was from Hyde Park, in London, to Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire. Times have changed, and with them the character of hunting countries. There are now two off-shoots of the Berkeley Hunt, the Old Berkeley (East) and the Old Berkeley (West), while the parent pack is confined to about three hundred and fifty square miles in the county of Gloucester. A history of three centuries attaches to the Berkeley country, but not until one hundred years ago did the hunt assume its present form. Colonel Berkeley (afterwards Earl Fitzhardinge) was the Master of the pack at that time, and a member of the family has always held the command ever since. Curiously enough, the present M.F.H. was seldom seen in the hunting-field for thirty years, until he succeeded his brother in 1896-7. In his younger days, Lord Fitzhardinge had been a keen follower of hounds, so that he is peculiarly well fitted to judge whether hunting has improved or deteriorated during the past half century. The writer had occasion a short while back to ask the noble M.F.H. for his opinion of this very question, and Lord Fitzhardinge's answer was that he felt quite certain that "fox-hunting has much gone down, owing to the large number of ignorant and jealous people who come out now." Lord Fitzhardinge once ordered his hounds to be stopped, and explained to the field that he would send the pack back to kennels the next time his huntsman and hounds were not given fair play. One half of the field did not know why hounds were stopped, and the other half were blissfully ignorant of the fact that hounds had been stopped at all. "Can anything be plainer than this?" asked Lord Fitzhardinge, in relating the incident. The Berkeley Hounds killed forty-nine brace of foxes during the cubbing season, which started on August 18, and extended over forty-nine mornings, and they have begun regular hunting most satisfactorily, several fine runs having already been placed to their account. They have

a new huntsman this year in Will Thompson, who has come from the West Norfolk, and shapes most promisingly. He has succeeded Will Rawle, who was for many years with Lord Fitzhardinge and his late brother. Finally, it may be noted that all the Berkeley packs have a distinctive coat of yellow for their hunt servants, instead of the orthodox scarlet.

East Kent Hounds

Our first-prize photograph this week depicts an incident in a day's sport with the East Kent Foxhounds on the 13th inst. The pack killed their fox in fine style at Waldershare, and the run preceding the event was typical of the good sport which is being enjoyed under Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes's Mastership. In the same week, the pack had a great run of an hour and forty-five minutes from Goodnestone Park, but this time their gallant fox lived to run another day, saving his brush in the Chestnuts at Wingham. There is now a good supply of foxes all over the East Kent country, and despite the indifferent scent which prevailed, on account of the dry state of the ground, hounds killed more than an average number during their period of cub-hunting. Mr. Selby-Lowndes, as might be expected of one of his family, dispenses with the services of a professional huntsman, and he has put forward this year a strong young entry of eleven and a half couples.

Opening meet of Earl Bathurst's Hounds at Bibury Court

(Competition photo by Mrs. Ernest Turner, *Shipton Manor, Andoversford, R.S.O., Glos. Prize, 5s.)*

The Vale of White Horse

A delightful hunting country is the Vale of White Horse, and the two packs covering it have been brought to a state of perfection during the past fifteen years. Mr. T. Butt Miller has charge of the Cricklade district, and Earl Bathurst hunts what is known as the Cirencester side. The opening meet of the latter pack is shown in our photograph. The scene was Bibury Court, the time-honoured fixture of the pack for the beginning of the season, and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper entertained the large field which assembled with their traditional hospitality. The late Lord Bathurst laid the foundation of the present pack with purchases from the Craven and drafts from the Belvoir and the Brocklesby kennels, and though he did not live to see the actual results, his son, the present M.F.H., has carried on the work in the same way, combining enthusiasm with scientific principles and a thorough knowledge of hounds and pedigree. The outcome has been one of the finest packs in the kingdom, and this opinion has been endorsed by sweeping victories at the Peterborough Hound Show. Earl Bathurst hunts the pack from his beautiful estate at Cirencester Park, and the neighbouring woods are a veritable stronghold of foxes.

In the Cotswold District

In our issue of last week were published some illustrations of the North Cotswold country, and by the aid of our Hunt Photograph Competition—which, by the way, has been completely successful, and has brought interesting photographs from all parts of the United Kingdom—we are now enabled to present some

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post free.

Some of the followers of the Cotswold Foxhounds

(Competition photo by H. G. SWINEY, *Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham. Prize,* 5s.)

scenes of the neighbouring pack, the Cotswold. Originally, both the Cotswold countries came in the vast territory covered by the Berkeley Hounds, but the then Lord Fitzhardinge gave up the district in 1858. At first Mr. Cregoe Colmore hunted the whole country, but after some years, the Earl of Coventry undertook to hunt the North Cotswold at his own expense, and did so for six seasons. Since then two separate establishments have been maintained, and such good sportsmen as Sir Reginald Graham Captain A. Sumner, Mr. W. F. Hicks-Beach, Major de Fréville, and Mr. Algernon Rushout, have been successful Masters of the Cotswold pack. The last-named gentleman retired two years ago, after having been in the Mastership of hounds for twenty-seven seasons — twenty-three in the North Cotswold country and the remaining four in the Cotswold. He was succeeded by Mr. Herbert Owen Lord, under whose leadership the affairs of the Hunt have progressed most smoothly. The Cotswold Hills make up the greater part of the country covered by the pack, but there is an attractive slice of vale country, with sound pastures and flying fences, wire being very seldom encountered. Cheltenham offers good accommodation for those hunting with the Cotswold Hounds, and the relations between the town and the Hunt have always been of a cordial nature. A small deficit was shown on the last financial statement, and at the annual meeting of the members the suggestion was made that the old Town Committee should be revived with a view to wiping out the sum required.

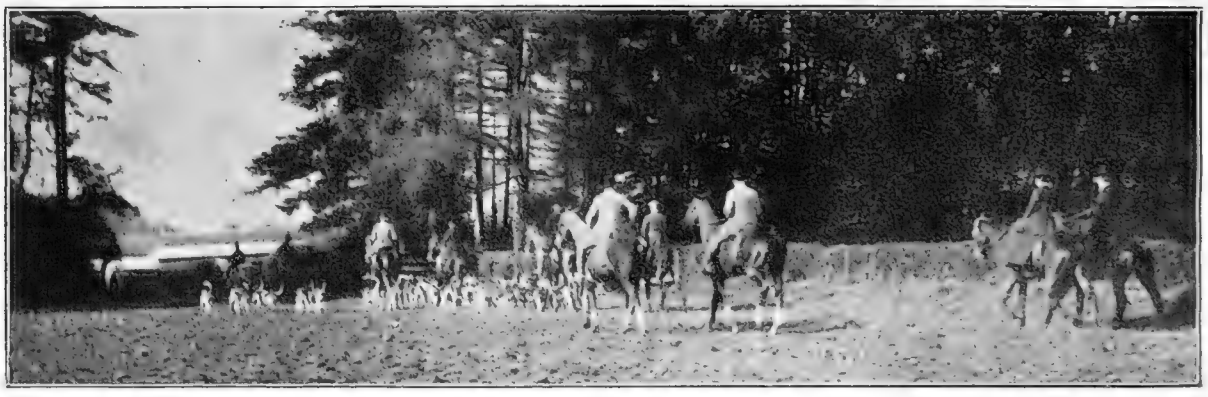
Warm work

Mr. J. Russel, Master of the Halstead Place Beagles, requries something after a long run

(Competition photo by W. ABREY, *Tonbridge. Prize,* 5s.)

Isle of Wight Fox-hunting

Some excellent fox-hunting is to be enjoyed on the Isle of Wight, where a subscription pack of twenty-seven couples is under the Mastership of Colonel Howard Brooke,



The Cotswold Hounds on their way to covert

(Competition photo by H. G. SWINEY, *Cheltenham. Prize,* 5s.)

being kennelled at Marvel, near Newport. Foxes were practically unknown on the Island until sixty years ago, when a good supply was imported from the mainland, and Mr. B. Cotton and Mr. Henry Nunn were the prime movers in the establishment of the present pack. The hounds changed Masters very frequently during the first forty years of their existence; but Colonel Howard Brooke has made an admirable M.F.H, and, assisted for fifteen years by Mr. J. D. Jolliffe, he has shown consistently good sport. Mr. Jolliffe has now retired, and his place as amateur huntsman is filled by his nephew, Captain Collingwood Bertram. Mange causes no trouble on the Island, and last season the pack killed seventeen brace of foxes, one yielding his brush after a grand hunt of ninety-four minutes. Our photograph shows a recent meet of the pack at the old church at Newchurch, a pretty village close to Alverstone, the heart of the hunting country. Colonel Howard Brooke and quite a large field were there. It was a beautiful morning, but scent was not good, and hounds were further handicapped by the exigencies of shooting arrangements in Lord Alverstone's coverts, which are among the best strongholds of the Hunt

Lord Leicester's Shoot at Holkham

In one of the best seasons for partridges of recent years, it is not surprising that many records have recently been made. All achievements in this way were eclipsed at Holkham this month, when, in a single day's driving, 835½ brace of partridges were killed in twenty drives, shooting starting at 9.15 a.m. and ceasing at five o'clock. The guns were Lord Coke, Prince F. Dhuleep Singh, Colonel Custance, Colonel W. Coke, Major Acland-Hood, Mr. W. Barry, Mr. Willoughby, and Mr. Walter Forbes. The great shoot of Lord Leicester's magnificent preserves comprised four days' driving, and the eight guns accounted for 4,674 partridges, exclusive of the pick-up on the last day. Previously the best partridge day at Holkham was on December 8, 1896, when 1,133 birds were killed in the day. The driving beats at Holkham are shot over but once each season, and this always ensures a good stock being left behind. Although Hungarians have never been turned down by Lord Leicester, the Hungarian cross is undoubtedly there, owing to some hundreds of eggs having from time to time been exchanged with friends for change of blood. Lord Leicester supervises the shooting on principles which may well be termed scientific, and at Holkham the sport can be enjoyed in many varieties—viz., covert shooting, partridge driving, wild fowl, and wild geese. Small wonder that the place has been termed a sportsman's paradise.

Difficulties of Covert Shooting

Covert shooting is now in full swing at the best preserves, and it has been noticeable that pheasants are being sent higher over the guns than ever. Every branch of shooting has its specialist. We meet the man whom everyone recognises as a crack at the high pheasant stand. Another will be best with partridges, a third excels in the snipe bog, and a fourth wants a lot of beating at the grouse butt. But taking the sport all round, the pheasants call for the highest skill, and grouse and partridge shooting are by many regarded as stepping-stones to the higher art of pheasant shooting. In the opinion of the best shots, the most difficult bird of all to kill is the high pheasant coming down wind with a drop and a curl. The motionless wings make it very hard to judge the rapidity of fall, and the distance is also deceptive under these conditions.

A. W. C.

Meet of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds, at Newchurch, near Lord Alverstone's estate
(Competition photo by S. F. Thiselton-Dyer, *Albert Lodge, Sandown, I.W. Prize, 5s.)*

OUR SHORT STORY

The Theft from the Embassy

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE

When my uncle, Lord Redruth, was Ambassador at Paris, I joined the Embassy as attaché.

I had presumed on my relationship to make my first call without changing my travelling suit. The footman showed me into the morning-room where an open blotting-case on the desk indicated that someone had just been writing letters. My uncle joined me almost immediately.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he began; and then something in the appearance of the writing desk struck his eye, and he began turning over the leaves of the blotting-case in search of something.

"You didn't touch those papers, did you, Fred?" he asked sharply.

"My dear uncle!"

"No, no, no. Of course you wouldn't. But—confound it all!—the thing's gone!"

"What thing?"

"The letter I left here when I was called away. I hadn't even fastened it."

"Important?"

"Important! Oh! Heavens!"

I have seen many Ambassadors excited, but never any Ambassador quite so excited as my uncle was. He rang the bell and told the servant to ask Lady Redruth to come to him. While waiting for her he paced up and down, explaining the matter.

"This confounded Government has spies in every Embassy in Paris. It may be your cook, or it may be your charwoman; you never know. If some scoundrels have stolen that letter ——"

"But if it's only a letter and not a despatch ——"

"If it were any letter but that ——"

"Surely the French Government couldn't take any action on a private letter?"

"No. But whoever stole it is just as likely to sell it to one of the newspapers, and then ——"

"How do you mean?"

"How? Why they'll publish it in *fac simile*—an expression of opinion over my signature that their Foreign Minister is—well, no matter what I said. It's the literal truth, of course, or I wouldn't have written it. But once that letter gets published, how many hours' purchase is my position in the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré worth?"

Lady Redruth grasped the urgency of the situation, as an Ambassadress should, and was much concerned.

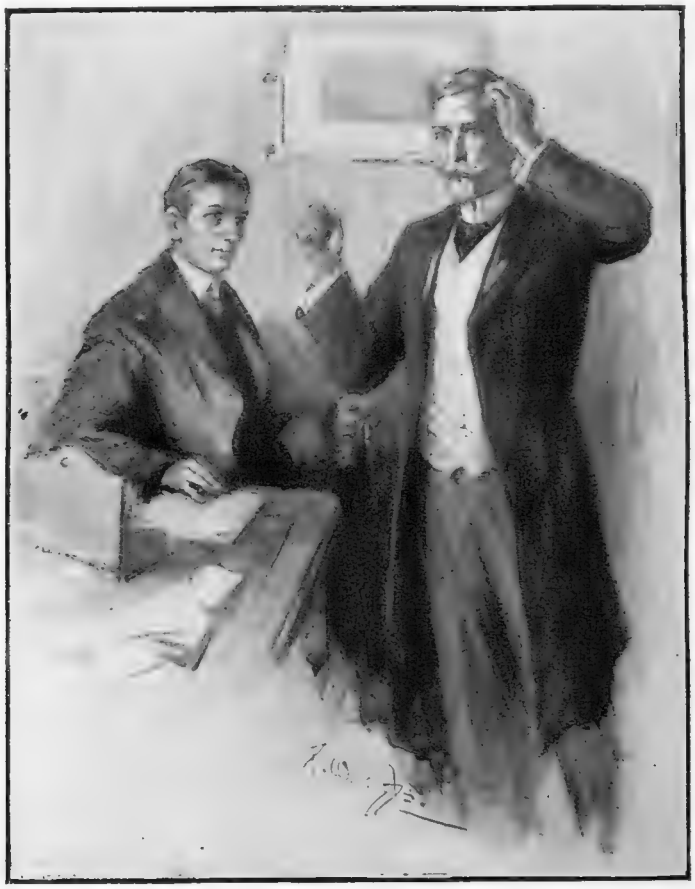
"No one," she said, "has been near your papers except myself and Mademoiselle Duval!"

"Except whom?"

"Mademoiselle Duval—the children's governess."

"What the deuce was she doing here?"

"I've had to dismiss her for impertinence, and I brought her here while I wrote out her cheque."



'I have seen many Ambassadors excited, but never any Ambassador quite so excited as my uncle was"

"Has she left the house yet?"

"Unfortunately, yes. She drove away with her boxes about five minutes ago."

"Have you any idea where she's gone?"

"Not the faintest."

"But surely the girl has an address!"

"I never knew it. She came to us, you remember, from the Legation at Brussels, and if she's been stealing papers, it's hardly likely she's going back there."

"But did no one hear the direction she gave the cabman?"

"I don't think so. In any case, the address she gave wouldn't be the right one if she was carrying off anything that didn't belong to her."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Oh! My stars! Then there's no way out of it."

And, at the disappearance of this last hope, the Ambassador collapsed into an arm-chair.

The sword of Damocles hung over him. Unless the lost letter could be recovered, his reputation as a diplomatist was gone for ever. But what chance was there of recovering it? A very faint one truly; but an idea had come to me.

"My dear uncle," I said, "I'd like to try to help you."

"How on earth can you help me?" he shouted, almost savagely.

"Well, the girl probably doesn't quite understand the value of the letter; and she doesn't know me. If I could get hold of her before she showed it to anyone who did know its importance."

"But we can't find her. That's the whole difficulty, isn't it?"

There was no time to resent his testy words. I turned to my aunt and asked:

"You gave the girl an open cheque, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"On what Bank?"

"On the Crédit Lyonnais."

"Then let us drive round there at once, and see if the cheque has been cashed."

As I had anticipated, the cheque had not been presented. So far so good. We stopped the cabman as near the door as possible, and waited.

Lady Redruth was anxious to know how I proposed to approach Mademoiselle Duval, seeing that I did not even know her.

"If I knew her, my dear aunt, the case would be hopeless," I replied.

Before she had time to cross-examine me further, Mademoiselle Duval appeared.

"There she is," my aunt exclaimed; and I got out of the cab, closed the door, and sent the driver on to the Bon Marché.

Perhaps you have guessed my plan. Do not think me conceited if I remark that I had certain qualifications for the part which I designed to play. I was young, tall, well set-up, well-dressed. My French was good. I knew Paris a good deal better than Paris knew me; and I was not shy. So when I presently found myself standing at Mademoiselle Duval's side in the Bank doorway, waiting for the shower to stop, I managed to catch her eye, and was pleased to notice that she looked at me just half a second longer than was necessary for the satisfaction of idle curiosity. Then I broke the ice.

"*Vous avez l'air bien sérieux, mademoiselle?*"

To which she answered, pouting:—

"*Il y a de quoi*—there is good reason why."

I affected to suppose that the rain was the cause of her annoyance. I denounced the rain, and added:—

"I was thinking of taking a carriage. Would you let me drive you wherever you are going?"

Mademoiselle Duval said I was "very amiable," and got into the carriage which I called. I asked her whether she had lunched, and as she had not, suggested that we should lunch together. She hesitated; but I pressed the invitation.

"You would confer an immense pleasure on me by accepting," I said; and she accepted.

My aim was, of course, to overwhelm Mademoiselle Duval with such hospitality as would make her talkative. So I selected a cosy corner, and ordered the best lunch that the house could serve, and the best wines in its cellars. From Château Lafitte we proceeded to Veuve Cliquot, and then to coffee and green chartreuse. Only a woman in a thousand can keep a secret when green chartreuse has followed Veuve Cliquot; and Mademoiselle Duval was not that thousandth woman. In a few minutes she was confiding to me the burning wrongs of which she was the victim.

"That woman! Ah! She has no heart! I taught her children—I loved them just as if they were my sisters. I did my duty—I was loyal. And just for one hasty word—one little moment of anger—she turns me out of doors. She does not ask where I am going—she does not care what will become of me. Bah! But I will avenge myself."

I spoke sympathetically, but sceptically:

"Come, now," I said. "It isn't so easy for you to avenge yourself on a great lady."

"You think not! Then listen!"

She bent over and whispered in my ear:

"I have something in the handwriting of Monsieur the husband which, in a few days, will make Paris ring with scandal!"

"A scandal!" I exclaimed. "That's fun! Show me the wonderful document."

"I cannot, for I have sold it."

The answer fell like a wet blanket on my hopes. My quarry seemed to be escaping me at the very moment of my running it to earth. I very nearly swore, but controlled my feelings, and only showed such mild disappointment as baulked curiosity might account for. She prattled on.

"You see, I didn't know myself exactly what use to make of the letter, but I thought a journalist would be sure to know, so I took it straight round to a journalist whom I once met at a dinner-party."

"Ah! Then you have friends among journalists!" I interjected insidiously.

"I know this one at any rate."

"Is it M. Cornély, perhaps? Or M. de Pressensé? Or M. Clemenceau?"

For I was determined to make her tell me the name without putting her on her guard by asking; and she fell into the trap.

"Oh! I don't know anybody so important as that. My friend is Ferdinand Lambert of the *Echo des Patriotes*."

"You know him pretty well?"

"No, very little. But he was very amiable when I brought him the letter."

"He naturally would be. I hope he was not only amiable but generous."

"He gave me a hundred francs for it."

"No more than that?"

"But he promised to give me some more in a week's time if he could afford it."

"That's better."

"He said he'd write about it to-night. Oh! we'll make a lovely scandal out of it between us. Milord will look so foolish, and Miladi—oh! Miladi will be so sorry she was unkind to me."

"It will serve her right," I said. "I wish you luck."

But my interest in my *tête-à-tête* luncheon was now over. My next business must be with M. Ferdinand Lambert. Only it seemed desirable to make sure that Mademoiselle Duval would not see him before I did; and I contrived that by inviting her to supper, and meaning to keep her waiting while I paid my visit to the journalist. It was a cruel thing to do, but I had to do it.

"It is quite a romantic adventure," she said, when I put her into a carriage and squeezed her hand; and then I went down on to the quays and walked about, considering in what manner to approach M. Lambert.

"His game," I reflected, "is probably blackmail, in which case he will be open to an offer. But, on the other hand, he might be a nationalist patriot, in which case he would guess I came from the Embassy, and I should only make matters worse by trying to bribe him."

So I thought hard, summoning all my knowledge of French manners and customs to my aid. At last I had an inspiration.

"By Jove, yes. With one confederate I really think it might be managed. And there's little Tommy Carr of Reuter's—he'll do anything in the world for me, and I can trust him."

Tommy had been at Eton with me. Since then, having squandered his patrimony, he had blossomed into fame as war correspondent to Baron Reuter's Agency. He was now in Paris, at the Continental, taking a holiday. His delight in dare-devil enterprise was well known to all his friends.

"First to warn him to hold himself in readiness," I said; and I went into a Post Office, and despatched a *petit bleu*.

"Now to find M. Ferdinand Lambert's address," I proceeded, and went into a shop and borrowed the directory.

"There seemed to be three men of the name in Paris; but one of the three was a pork butcher in Montrouge, and another was a *marchand de vin* on the Place de la Bastille. My man was evidently the Ferdinand Lambert who lived in a flat in one of the small streets near the Avenue de la Grande Armée

"Now for the make-up," I soliloquised; and I went into several shops and made several purchases —some tape, some sealing-wax, some grey gloves, some false beards and moustaches, a frock-coat, a black pair of trousers, a tri-colour scarf, and a top hat of characteristically French design.

I also bought a portmanteau into which I stowed the goods as I acquired them; and thus provided I went to look for Tommy.

Only a woman in a thousand can keep a secret when green chartreuse has followed Veuve Cliquot; and Mlle. Duval was not that thousandth woman

My luggage was taken up to his room; and I sat down on the edge of his bed and explained the situation.

"It seems a mad scheme, Tommy," I said, "but I believe it's feasible You see how important it is to Lord Redruth to get that letter back.'

"That's obvious enough," he answered. "The row, if that letter got published, might easily end in a war."

"Well, I know you make your living out of wars; but will you help me to prevent one for once?"

"My dear boy, of course I will. This promises to be better fun than any war."

"Then let's dress the parts."

"By all means; and then we'd better pay, and clear out, dropping the luggage at a railway station. In case of accidents it won't be desirable to have clues to our identity lying about here."

"Right you are," I answered; and we set to work.

I put on a false beard, and Tommy false whiskers. We both dressed in black, wearing the tri-colour scarves underneath the frock-coats; we pulled on our gloves, we took note-books and pencils, tape, sealing-wax, and seals; we left our luggage at the Gare du Nord, and posted the receipts to Tommy, at Reuter's Paris office; and by about ten o'clock in the evening we set out.

"Mind, Tommy," I said, giving my ally a parting caution. "Your French is fluent enough, but your accent isn't all it might be, so don't speak unless you're obliged, and then keep it as short as if you had to pay cable rates *per* word."

"All right, I'll leave the talking to you," said Tommy; and we left the cab and directed the driver to wait for us further up the street.

Then we mounted to the fifth floor; and I rang the bell and called through the key-hole :—

"Open in the name of the law!"

Now when a Frenchman is called upon to open in the name of the law, he has to do so. Otherwise, after a third summons, the door may be forced. So, in a very brief space of time, Tommy and I were admitted by M. Lambert himself—a filthy little man in shirt sleeves, with soiled linen, a quill pen behind his ear, and a cigarette between his teeth, a big nose, and a black beard like a chest-protector.

"You are M. Ferdinand Lambert, I believe?" I asked him.

"Certainly; that is my name," he grunted; and I opened my frock-coat, as the custom is, showing my tri-colour scarf, and announced myself :—

"Monsieur, I am the Commissaire de Police. This gentleman is my secretary. You are suspected of complicity in a plot against the Republic; and it is my unpleasant duty to search your domicile."

M. Lambert's language was certainly *primâ facie* evidence of his discontent with Republican institutions. He spoke of the "dirty" Government, and of its "ignoble" spies. But I remained polite.

"Monsieur," I continued, "my orders, I regret to say, leave very little to my discretion. With your help, however, I will try to make the execution of my duty as little disagreeable to you as possible. In the first place, I must ask you for the key of your front door."

He handed it to me. I locked the door, and I kept the key.

"Now, monsieur," I went on, "we will, with your permission, commence our investigations in your sitting-room."

"I am powerless to prevent you," was M. Lambert's surly answer; and he entered the little room with us.

To my immense relief, I perceived a letter in my uncle's handwriting, much soiled by M. Lambert's dirty fingers, lying on the table. The indignant protest when I promptly picked it up, showed me that he quite understood the possibility of turning it to a malicious use.

"It is abominable to take that," he said. "It compromises the honour of a lady."

"The lady's honour, monsieur," I answered, "will be as safe in the hands of the Minister of Justice as in yours"; and I pocketed the document.

It was necessary, however, to play the comedy to the end. To have departed as soon as I had found what I wanted would have aroused suspicion, so I continued to turn out drawers, seeking other papers to carry away with it.

Most of the letters were from tradespeople, requesting the settlement of their accounts. There were also some letters from editors, and a few from politicians which might, or might not, be compromising. I selected a few of them, tied them up into a bundle with the tape, sealed the bundle in due form, and said, with the same grave politeness as before :—

"I thank you, sir. These seals, of course, will only be broken by an officer of the administration in your presence, when I have no doubt I shall be able to congratulate you upon the satisfactory character of your explanations."

M. Lambert was by no means conciliated. He repeated his remarks about the "unclean" Government and its "despicable" agents. I replied by raising my hat and wishing him good evening. But then, just as I turned to go, there were footsteps on the stairs, and the bell rang, and a fresh voice was heard calling through the keyhole :—

"Open in the name of the law!"

Tommy Carr spoke for the first time, and spoke in English :—

"Oh! my sacred aunt! We're beaten on the post. Here comes the real Simon Pure!"

"Eh! what is it Tommy?" I whispered.

"Why, evidently the Johnnie's mixed up in a real plot, and these are the real police come to run him in, and they'll run us in too while they're about it. Oh! my sacred aunt!"

I grasped the situation and reassured him.

"No they won't, Tommy, if we don't lose our heads. Button up your coat, and hide the scarf."

He did as I told him; but it was now M. Ferdinand Lambert's turn to break into the conversation. It was clear to him, when he heard us speak English, that he had been the victim of a trick.

"Cowards! Liars! Assassins!" he bellowed. "Give me back my papers!"

"Monsieur," I replied, "you may think yourself fortunate that it is not a real agent of the Government who has taken charge of your compromising papers."

"Yes, go and think that over quietly," added

SYMPATHY?

FATHER-IN-LAW: "So you are beginning to find that married life has its troubles?"

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: "Well, yes. Jack sometimes simply won't listen to reason"

FATHER-IN-LAW: "Young rascal. He ought to be ashamed of himself. It isn't every married man that has the chance"

DRAWN BY HOWARD SOMERVILLE

Tommy, giving him a push that sent him spinning up the passage.

Meanwhile, the summons was repeated:

"For the third time, open in the name of the law!"

I unlocked the door and heard:

"I am the Commissaire de Police. This gentleman is my secretary. I am charged with the unpleasant duty——"

"Step inside, gentlemen," I interrupted cordially, "there is M. Lambert, at your disposition."

They brushed past us, as I meant them to do. The journalist had risen to his feet and was beginning to denounce us. There was no time to listen, however. Action was imperative.

"Come on, Tommy!" I cried; and we slipped out into the passage.

"Stop there! I demand explanations! I arrest you!" shouted the real Commissaire: and he and his secretary and M. Lambert all bounded after us.

I slammed the door in their faces, and hung on to the handle, while Tommy locked them in.

"Now run!" I cried.

"No indecent haste!" said Tommy. "There'll be plain-clothes police men below, and we've got to get by them."

So we came down the stairs quickly, but not too quickly, and got to the bottom just in the nick of time.

The policemen with the Commissaire were two in number. Summoned in a hurry, they had ridden to the scene of action on bicycles. The machines were in the hall. The men themselves were on the opposite side of the road, trying to grasp the meaning of their Commissaire, who was shouting to them in frenzied excitement from the fifth-floor window. Our way of escape was clear.

"Do you bike, Tommy?" I called.

"Rather!"

"Then jump on, and scorch for all you're worth."

So we leapt on the policemen's machines and spurted. The men shouted and pursued; the Commissaire's coachman also whipped up his horse and galloped after us. But we had got a sufficient start. The streets were dark and empty, and we knew our way. By the time we turned into a more crowded thoroughfare we had quite outdistanced them. Then, before attention could be attracted by the singularity of our bicycling costumes, we stopped outside a café.

So we leapt on the policemen's machines and spurted

"Take care of these machines a minute," we said to the first loafer who appeared, and, slipping round another corner, hailed a cab and drove away.

"Where to?" asked Tommy, suddenly remembering that we had no home to go to.

"Café Barette," said I. "It would be tempting Providence to turn up at a hotel without luggage with this hue and cry after us."

We finished the evening, therefore, in the café in the Halles Centrales. The next morning, as soon as was decent, I returned, feeling like a boiled rag, to my uncle at the Embassy to receive his congratulations.

Imagine my amazement when he greeted me with:

"Well, Fred, I'm awfully obliged to you, but it seems I sent you on a fool's errand after all."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, I found the letter after you'd gone. It had tumbled down behind one of the drawers of the writing desk."

"Really!" said I, producing my package, "then what do you make of this?"

If an Ambassador can ever be said to be "flabbergasted," then Lord Redruth was "flabbergasted."

"My stars!" he ejaculated.

"What is it, uncle?"

"Why, though that little vixen didn't touch the paper on the desk, she evidently picked my great-coat pocket." I whistled, and my uncle continued:

"Look here, Fred. Promise me that, whatever you do, you won't say a word about this to your aunt."

"Certainly, I'll promise, if you wish it."

"You see it was a letter to a lady. There wasn't any harm in it (though an unscrupulous journalist might have used it to blackmail with), and, anyhow, your aunt might misunderstand. May I rely on your discretion?"

"My dear uncle," I replied, "surely I have done enough to prove that my discretion is to be relied upon."

"So you have, my boy, so you have; and you may trust me to be eternally grateful to you. But now, as it would be rash for you to show yourself just at present in the streets of Paris, you'd better add to your discretion by going to bed with influenza."

"Thanks," I said. "Influenza, or no influenza, I'll go to bed, for I feel as if I could sleep the clock round."

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Burma." Painted and described by R. Talbot Kelly. With seventy-five illustrations in colour. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.* net.)

"Fifty Years of Failure: The Confessions of an Optimist." (Smith Elder: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Lectures and Essays." By the late Canon Ainger. 2 vols. (Macmillan: 15*s.* net.)

"Northern Trails: Some Studies of Animal Life in the Far North." By William J. Long. (Ginn and Co. and Matheson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' BOOKS

"Lilliput Revels and Innocents' Island." By W. B. Rands. (John Lane.)

"Kingdoms Curious." By Myra Hamilton. (William Heinemann: 5*s.*)

"Micky." By Evelyn Sharp. (Macmillan: 4*s.* 6*d.*)

"A White Roof Tree." By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Radium Seekers." By Fenton Ash. (Pitman and Sons: 5*s.*)

"In the Realms of the Ice King." By Ernest Suffling. (Pitman and Sons: 5*s.*)

"The Stowaway's Quest." By H. C. Moore. (Pitman and Sons: 5*s.*)

"The Sauciest Boy in the Service." By Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N. (Ward, Lock: 5*s.*)

"Fifty Years of Failure: The Confessions of an Optimist" (Smith Elder: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), is a book which ought really to have been published in the "How To" Series under the title of "How to Enjoy Life." Then, of course, nobody would have read it, and the consequence would have been that a book rich in interesting reminiscences and full of good stories (many old enough to have become quite new again) would have passed uneventfully into the "remainder" market without the attention it deserves. If the author will forgive our saying so, the dedication is the finest thing in the book, for it breathes such an air of delightful *camaraderie* that one is on immediate good terms with the Bohemian egotist who rambles along with his spirited flow of small talk for the next three hundred pages. This first sentence is a fair specimen of the whole introduction, which dedicates the book to the author's youngest daughter:

> I dedicate this futile book to you, *imprimis*, because you, as well as myself, are an anachronism, you having arrived in this world of sin and woe after all your brothers and sisters had attained to years of discretion, and at a time when I had for many years been vainly endeavouring to be old and respectable. Another reason is that you are one of my best friends.

"And so I feel ashamed,
When my sweetheart comes this way"

(From "Lilliput Revels and Innocents' Island," by kind permission of the Publishers, John Lane and Co.)

After such an introduction, criticism becomes impossible. The book makes no pretences, and therefore brings no deceptions. There are one or two stories, though, we must quote, and, as they are typical of scores of others, they say all that is necessary or that can be said for the book. The author was at Eton, where, in his day, a master named Johnson—

> was a source of unending joy, not unmixed with terror to all the boys. He had a bitterly sarcastic tongue, which he did not hesitate to use; but, over and above that, was one of the cleverest men at Eton. He was, however, very short-sighted, and I have never forgotten seeing him, one windy day, at the masters' fives' court; his hat blew off, and we stood by and watched him chase a black hen, while his hat went in the other direction!

It is interesting also to know that in the summer the principal occupation of youthful Etonians during chapel "was putting over-ripe strawberries on the seats in front of us for the others to sit on." Schoolboy wit is usually ingenious, as masters' nicknames show, but he was a youth of more than usual promise who nicknamed a master, "who had one eye smaller than the other, 'Eighteen-pence.'" Those to whom Mr. Barry Pain's work is not familiar should hasten to remedy this defect in their education at once. The author was once walking with this really humorous humorist, and, arriving about mid-day hungry and thirsty at a small country inn, demanded to know what there was to eat. The landlady was most apologetic; she had only cold boiled beef and draught beer to offer, to which Mr. Pain aptly made reply—

> The trivial round, the common cask,
> Will furnish all we need to ask.

Messrs. A. and C. Black's latest colour-book, "Burma," painted and described by R. Talbot Kelly, comes to us in most gorgeous attire, bound as it is in a cover on which are golden peacocks with plumage of red and green. It seems hardly believable, after one has read Mrs. Chan-Toon's fine study, "A Marriage in Burma," that the country can be so attractive as depicted by Mr. Talbot Kelly. Yet, perhaps, the reason for this is that in the seventy-five admirable illustrations in the volume the rainy season is ignored, and we get only sunshine pictures, beautifully light and fairylike, yet not the Burma the English resident comes home to curse with every twinge of his ague-stricken bones. This aspect is, however, not neglected in the letterpress, and the following extract throws an interesting sidelight on the real thing. The author was in the billiard-room of a well-known club at Rangoon:—

> The monsoon rains had hardly yet ceased, and the air was filled with a steamy warmth which, in spite of punkahs and wide open verandah screens, rendered coats and waistcoats intolerable. The billiard-tables were all occupied, the markers being mainly employed in sweeping off the thousands of insects

which, attracted by the lights, settled on the tables. . . . Finally, the swarms of insects became so great that it was difficult to force a ball the length of the table, and the games had to be abandoned, and all lights extinguished for a time. . . . Running all over the walls were lizards, pretty cream coloured things which darted about catching moths and white ants, and chirruping to each other the while like sparrows, and in the dark corners lurked others, larger and greyer, of sinister aspect and suspicious movements, which rendered them open to the imputation of cannibalism.

Altogether this is a most delightful book about one of the most undelightful places in the world.

G. F. J.

"The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight"

One is beginning to wonder whether there is not a third literary sex. The he-book, of course, we know, and the she-book is, perhaps, too familiar, but between them is a certain literary type which has the best qualities of both, and the worst qualities of neither, which combines the breadth and the humour of the one with the domestic pathos and the intuition of the other. Such a book is "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." In this charming study of a young German Princess, who runs away from Court under the charge of an elderly tutor, to become "envillaged"—if the word may be suggested—in rural Somersetshire, to assume middle-class guise, and enter into rural complications, we meet a rare compound of the qualities mentioned. The originally-minded Princess, with her European ideas, is brought into close contact with the ultra-snobbism of an English village. She turns the heads of two highly respectable, and heavily "mothered" young men. She shocks, surprises, and horrifies local prudery by daring to be indiscriminately generous to the village folk. She gets, of course, into inevitable hot water, and is finally rescued at the crucial moment by—well, it is scarcely fair to divulge by whom. The narrative is altogether so naïve, so fascinating, so humorous in incident and particularly in phrase, as to compel a reader's attention from cover to cover, and to give him as many laughs as can be reasonably expected for 6*s*. (Smith Elder.)

"The terrible howl of the great white wolf"
(From "Northern Trails," by permission of the Publisher, Ginn and Co.)

"Northern Trails"

Mr. William J. Long (Ginn and Co.) has written a delightful yarn, in the easy manner that is so characteristic of his style. The tales of animals which dwell in the Great North Lands make one long to go off and stray over the vast boundless plains and through the great trackless forests, to study the wild animal life at first hand, to read for oneself the stories that are written in plain forest language all over the ground in summer, and on the great white sheet of snow that covers everything in winter. Here is a vivid description of the scene at sundown as the author was watching a pair of ducks, with their young, going to rest at night on the shore of a lagoon:—

"Slowly the glory deepened and faded, and the crimson flush that had spread wide over the great barren plain came creeping back into the west out of which it had come. After it came the silence, hushing the goslings' chatter and the birds' hymn; and only the river was left singing to itself through the listening woods. Over the vast plain came again the sea-wind swinging its fragrant censer, from which fell now only heavy and drowsy odours; and the fleecy mists that I had seen rise at dawn settle softly again to cover the sleepy earth like a garment."

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

The Children's Season

No pleasanter task befalls the reviewer of books than to welcome each succeeding November those bright and enticing specimens of reading for the young which the publishers supply with increasing ingenuity against the inevitable demands for Christmas presents which all adult members of the community will soon have to meet. For a good many years now there has been little or no change in the character of this class of literature, and one can pretty well forecast what each season will bring forth. We have assuredly left far behind the old-fashioned story with the preposterously good little boy or girl for its central figure, and a Christian "moral" dragged in by the hair of the head at the end of every chapter. Adventure has always been popular, still deservedly holding chief place with writers for the young, and while the fairy story may on the whole be said to languish somewhat in these intensely "practical" days, a far less desirable form of juvenile entertainment seems to find a sale, if we may judge by the frequency with which publishers offer us samples of imitation "Alice" books. No happier fate could befall the youngsters of the day than to have several Lewis Carrolls writing for them; but that is more improbable than some of the ridiculous stories with which his numerous imitators try to palm off on our boys and girls. I fear that the average writer of juvenile literature is not a person of genuine imagination, and the downright idiotcy of some of the stories I have had to peruse in the last few years, intended for sane, healthy-minded children, might have beguiled the evenings of residents in Bedlam, but could have served no other useful purpose. I claim to know a good deal about catering for the young folk, and I state it as fact that there are hundreds of would-be authors who think it is only necessary to invent a number of absurd names—such as Dinkidoo—to get an artist to draw things which are made up of parts of different animals, and to tell silly stories about the behaviour of these weird creations, in order to send twentieth-century boys and girls into fits of laughter. It is amazing that so much of this rubbish actually gets printed, and I can only hope that the youngsters have more sense than some publishers' readers. As a matter of fact, no greater mistake can be made than to suppose it necessary to "come down" to the intelligence of the average boy or girl, and I am fully persuaded that the best books for children are nearly always those which can be read with equal pleasure by their fathers and mothers. The heaped-up bundles on my table just now offer new testimony in favour of this opinion.

Mr. Andrew Lang

Of course, Mr. Andrew Lang's Christmas book is as inevitable as the 25th of December. At least it has been so for sixteen years, and long may it continue. This year he gives us "The Red Book of Romance" (Longmans: 6*s.*), containing an admirable selection of stories from old romances, such as "The Fairy Queen," "William of Palermo," "Don Quixote," and "Orlando Furioso," all done into clear, vivid English by Mrs. Lang, and beautifully illustrated in colour and black and white by Mr. H. J. Ford. Although I am gratified to find myself familiar with most of the stories in the book, I have read them all again in this new setting with the fullest measure of enjoyment, and shall hope to read them at least once more, as this is emphatically a book for children of all ages. I quote the following lines from the pleasant little poem by Mr. St. John Lucas, printed on the "cap" enclosing "The Red Book of Romance":—

And when we read the Red, the Blue,
The Green—small matter what's the hue
Since joy is there in black and white—
Remember him who cared to write,
For little ones, tales old and sweet,
And ask the fairies (when you meet)
To always keep unharmed and well
From ogre's maw and witch's spell,
From genie's clutch and dragon's fang,
The kind magician, Andrew Lang!

I have no doubt Mr. Lang will forgive the poet the split infinitive in the seventh line, though there is really no excuse for it, as the verse might quite legitimately have a trochaic beat at the beginning.

"Martha was obliged to run as fast as she could"

(*From "Kingdoms Curious," by kind permission of the Publisher, William Heinemann*)

"For Children of All Ages"

It was a very happy thought of Mr. Brimley Johnson to edit the "Lilliput Revels," and "Innocents' Island" of W. Brighty Rands, and Mr. John Lane has given these delightfully amusing poems a worthy dress, having found in Miss Griselda Wedderburn an artist capable of supplying pictorial point to the quaint fancies of the poet. Rands was too facile a writer to achieve the highest, but these hastily written poems of thirty years ago are vastly superior to any recent work on the same lines. Mr John Lane also sends me another children's book which parents will buy for their children and read for their own enjoyment. It is a quite delicious story of a dog, called "Peterkins" (3*s.* 6*d.*), and is translated by Mrs. John Lane from the German of the well-known Bohemian novelist, Ossip Schubin. One is surprised that a story so full of humour and genuine character has not found a translator before this. I fancy it will enjoy wide popularity as a Christmas book. Miss Evelyn Sharp is a writer whose quality of fresh humour and exuberant invention make her books the best of light reading for young and old alike. I can safely recommend her new story, "Micky' (3*s.* 6*d.*), as a worthy successor to "The Children Who Ran Away," and the other books which have made her name a familiar one in Christmas literature. It is beautifully illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock. Miss Ethel Turner is another writer of children's tales which any grown-up may read with pleasure. Her new book, "A White Roof Tree" (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*), consists of one long story and a series of tales and sketches, all written in a delightfully natural vein, and well illustrated.

Adventure Tales

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, who have this year launched into general publishing, send me a number of juvenile books which are admirably got up and ought to be well received. I confess that "The Radium Seekers" (5*s.*), by Mr. Fenton Ash, is not the sort of story I should care to place upon a list of ideal books for boys. It is so wildly extravagant that not even the author's ingenious but redundant preface makes a good case for it. Much more to my liking is Mr. Ernest Suffling's "In the Realms of the Ice King" (5*s.*), an admirably sane, exciting, and informative story, which the publishers have produced with no stint of cost. Mr. H. C. Moore's new book, "The Stowaway's Quest" (5*s.*), is the work of a practised writer for the young, and should delight the British boy, to whom there is no more picturesque figure than the stowaway. The illustrations, however, leave a good deal to be desired. Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., is an old hand in juvenile literature, and if his style is more breezy than polished he is certainly not lacking either in invention or the power of graphic description, and his own experience of life at sea is frequently turned to advantage, as in his new book, "The Sauciest Boy in the Service" (Ward, Lock: 5*s.*), which is admirably illustrated in colour. A new edition of one of the late G. A. Henty's best stories, "In Freedom's Cause" (Blackie: 3*s.* 6*d.*), a tale of Wallace and Bruce, is very welcome, and will more than bear comparison with the new books of the season.

J. A. H.

Golf Notes and Notions

THE GOLFER AND THE LAW

I have no intention, as the title of my article might lead some to suppose, of writing a learned disquisition on the rules in the manner of Mr. J. L. Low in his famous article under the same title in the "Golfer's Year Book." I am not very fond at any time of plunging into the morasses and quicksands of the rules of golf, and only venture into that dangerous region when some very flagrant case arises. My purpose is somewhat different, for all that I wish to do is to draw the attention of my readers to a case which has just been decided in Scotland, and which, as involving a very nice point affecting golfers, seems to me of sufficient interest to merit some detailed notice. Before entering into a review of the case, I must first say that I have not seen a detailed report giving the evidence on which the matter was decided, and have only seen a summary of the judge's decision. Briefly stated, the case was as follows: A golfer sued another, and claimed £50 damages, because he had been struck by the ball of the other player on Musselburgh links. The case came before Sheriff Henderson, himself a thoroughly sound old golfer, well versed in all the traditions and customs of the game. He decided against the plaintiff on the ground that the blow suffered by him was the result of pure accident, and not of any negligence or design on the part of the defendant. So far as I can make out, the stroke which caused the accident was a bad slice, and the striker evidently considered that the plaintiff was so far out of the intended flight of the ball that he could play without any danger of hitting him. Incidentally, the Sheriff laid down the sound maxim that the question at issue was unaffected by the fact of Musselburgh links being Common ground, as the fact of golf being lawful and usual there brought the ground in the same circle of action in law as a private course entirely devoted to golf, and it would have been an even more interesting case if the plaintiff had been a non-golfer, for we might then have had an even clearer indication than the Sheriff's present decision gives us of the limits of the rights of golfers and the public towards each other on commons where golf is allowed by the lord of the manor and the commoners.

A Welcome Decision

As it is, golfers may well welcome the Sheriff's decision, as the outlook for all of us would have been rather ticklish if the case had gone the other way. Time was when the golfer indulged in the pleasant fancy that, once he had called out "fore!" in stentorian voice, he was exempt in law from any consequences resulting from his stroke. That idea was all very well on Scottish courses, where golf has been played, so to speak, since the Flood, and where everyone was expected to understand the meaning of the warning cry "fore!" But the situation became entirely altered when golf invaded the South, and when commons like Blackheath, Wimbledon, Mitcham, *et hoc genus omne* of suburban courses, became the scenes of the onslaught of the army of golfers. I have had some curious experiences, and I have no doubt many of my readers could adduce similar difficulties in connection with the strolling public. I remember one extremely amusing case which happened at Wimbledon. Going out to play one morning from the Iron House of the London Scottish, my partner and I were confronted at the first green by the amazing spectacle of two individuals indulging in a game of croquet on the space sacred to the art of putting. The elder of the two individuals stoutly maintained his right to play his game of croquet with his son on that or any other of the putting greens of the course. We left him, after a rather heated interchange, to be dealt with by the Conservator, and I do not remember his troubling us any more. But I should like to know what would have happened if, after calling "fore!" to him, and his refusing to budge, one of us had struck him with a strong half-topped approach-shot?

A Burly Ruffian on His Rights

Another case happened at Hoylake during the Open Championship of '97. As everyone is aware who has played there, the public which crowds in from Liverpool to watch a great match or tournament absolutely excels any other in point of ignorance of the game and indifference to its laws and customs. Having been entrusted with the duty of keeping the course clear in front of two great players, I gently remonstrated with an individual of forbidding aspect and great stature, who was stolidly walking down the centre of the course towards the seventeenth hole, some 120 yards from the tee to that hole. My warning and admonition were received with contumely, and I was informed by the determined ruffian that he had as much right as anyone to walk there, that he intended to walk there, and that if I wished him to come away I must make him do so by force. So I had to leave him to his fate, with the inward prayer that one of the player's tee shots might strike him on some non-lethal part of his body, and convince him that I was entreating him for his own safety, and not from any officious desire to meddle with his sacred right of walking over Hoylake links. But suppose he had been violently hit on the head by one of the players from the tee and had brought an action, how would the case have gone? In every case I take it that it is the bounden duty of the golfer to take every possible and reasonable precaution to avoid the danger of an accident to a member of the non-golfing public, and not merely to rely on a loud shout of "fore!" which may be pure Greek to the unhappy individual who is obstructing the line of play. We must remember, too, that balls are kittle things, the golfer very human in his powers of erring, and that a vast proportion of strokes result in pulling or slicing with consequences most disconcerting to the golfer and highly dangerous to the passer-by. I am astonished that more accidents do not occur, and I welcome the decision of the Sheriff, as guarding the golfer from petty and vexatious actions.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Golf at Montreux

Putting Competition on the Montreux Golf Course: The Muveran in the background

The Montreux Golf Course is beautifully situated in the Rhone Valley, between the Vaudois and Valais Alpes. The club-house faces south, with a view on the Dent du Midi and Dent de Morde. To the south-east is the rugged *massif* of the Muveran; below is Bex and its salt mines.

Six years ago the course was opened. Two years later the Montreux Golf Club was formed to take it over and run it on a club basis. At its start the game seemed to have been but partially understood by the Swiss. It must, for instance, have been a little disconcerting, after a luncheon given to inaugurate the course, for a 20-handicap man, somewhat short of practice, to have each of his successive visits to the newly-made bunkers greeted with encouraging shouts of, "*bien joué!*" "*ça y est!*" from enthusiastic, if misinformed, representatives of the local press. The caddies, however, proved apter pupils. A competition started for their benefit would have been a real success, but for the fact that the majority returned such impossible scores that a lecture on the wickedness of lying, delivered to all, was substituted for the prize which had been reserved for only one of them. However, these things belong to the past. To-day, if the course is still alluded to as *le vaste terrain du golf*, we know that a nine-hole course of some 2,400 yards in length is meant, and when climatic conditions are considered, one which is very well kept.

Club-house of the Montreux Golf Club: Ladies' Medal Day

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

OUR COMPETITION: SECOND WEEKLY PROBLEMS

£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.

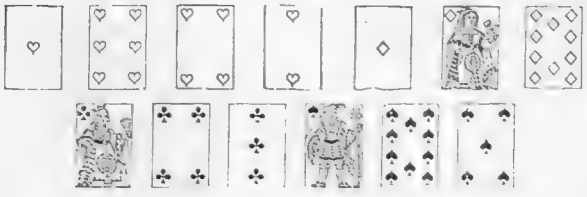
First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.

SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

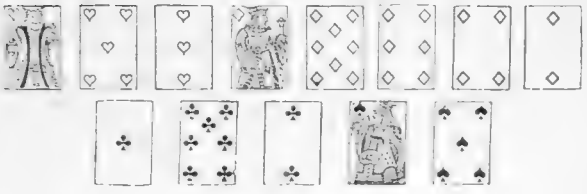
PROBLEM IV.

Love-all.



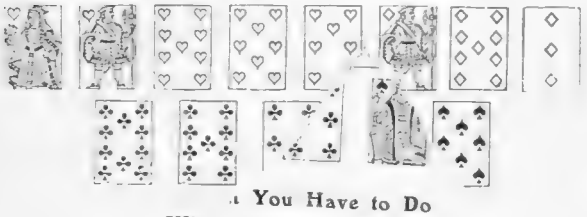
PROBLEM V.

First Game: 16-all.



PROBLEM VI.

Game-all: Dealer, 24; Adversaries, 12.



What You Have to Do

We problems are set. You hav[e] to answer them. Thus take half a sheet of notepaper and write [a]nswer is "Spade[s]" at, you write your reasons for the declaration. [S]pades." After Having written the answers to the three problems reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and a[d]dress clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which [y]our marks in the Eight Weeks' Competition may be published.

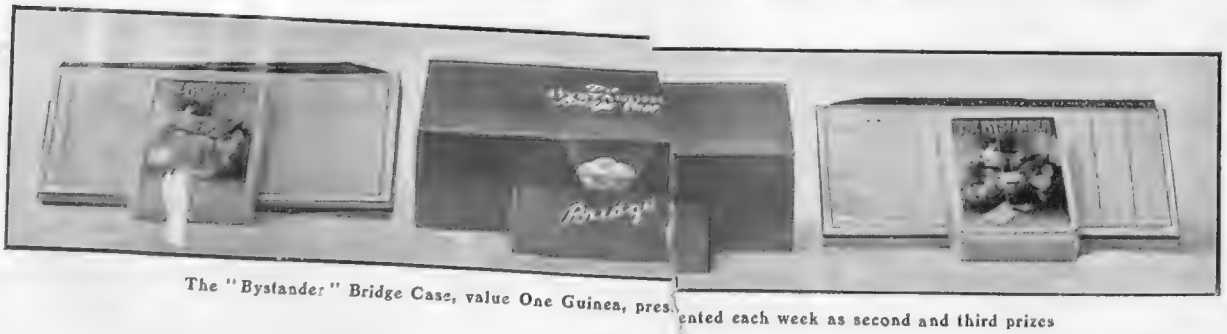
3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

St. Cast Church where the bodies of the "Hilda" victims were laid pending burial

Many of the bodies of those who lost their lives in the terrible shipwreck off the Breton coast were laid in a disused church at St. Cast pending their transfer to Roscoff, where they were buried. Among the victims at St. Cast were twenty onion men, and about the same number of English passengers by the ill-fated vessel



The "Bystander" Bridge Case, value One Guinea, pres[e]nted each week as second and third prizes

The Atlantic Fleet at "Rugger"

The Atlantic Fleet v. The Garrison. A Rugby match at Gibraltar on the King's—

—birthday, in which the Fleet proved victorious by one goal and a try to nil

A Naval correspondent, with the Atlantic Fleet at Gibraltar, sends us two photographs of a Rugby match which took place on the King's birthday between the Fleet and the Garrison. After an exciting contest, which drew a big "gate" of holiday-makers, the Fleet proved the victors by a goal and a try to nil. Of all forms of sport, football is perhaps the most popular among sailors (we recently published photographs of a match played by naval men at a foreign station, with the thermometer registering 102°). Our correspondent adds a tribute to the popularity of THE BYSTANDER among Fleet and Garrison at Gibraltar. For this appreciation we express the heartiest thanks.

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

An Inopportune Experiment

The Selection Committee of the Rugby Union have done their best to make things nice and easy for the New Zealanders next Saturday. There is an old saying to the effect that it is inexpedient to change horses while you are crossing a stream, and yet next Saturday England, for the first time in her International history, will take the field with five three-quarters. Moreover, in order that the experiment may be tried in all its unsullied purity, special care was taken that the teams in the Rest v. West trial should play in the ordinary formation. We are, of course, paying a high compliment to our visitors—which they will fully appreciate on the field of play—in copying their methods; for, after all, if you play seven men behind the scrum, not counting the full-back, it doesn't matter very much what you call the extra man or where you put him. But there is just this trifling difference, that the New Zealanders know how to play their game and we don't. The English backs, several of whom have barely even a nodding acquaintance with each other's play, are expected to learn it—in the course of Saturday afternoon—against opponents who have been playing together for weeks. No one will blame them if they don't succeed, and if they do, it will be hugely to their credit. Scotland tried, and succeeded so far as the defensive work was concerned, but defensive work alone doesn't win matches, and Scotland only managed to lose victoriously. It really looks as if the Selection Committee's mandate to the English team is, "Go ye, and do likewise."

Ireland Joins the Majority

Even dear old Ireland has caught the infection. "I breathed a sigh into the air" (a sigh of relief, *bien entendu*) when I found that there were to be eight Irish forwards. I am no great believer in what is known as the typical Irish forward game. There is just a little too much of the kick-and-rush business about it to please me. But it is undeniably dangerous, especially when the fickle goddess happens to smile upon its exponents. But it appears that last Saturday the temptation to throw out a roving commissioner was too great to be resisted. It may or may not be that Ireland would have fared better if this temptation had been resisted; but anyhow the ultimate result was failure. It was another case of splendid defence without any attacking power worth speaking of. And so, I take it, it must always be when a team tries new methods without previous practice. It only remains to be seen whether gallant little Wales (where, by the way, they *do* know something about the four-three-quarter game) will be proof against the prevailing epidemic.

[Photo by] The Irish Team, which was defeated by the New Zealanders by 15 points to nil [Lafayette

Top Row (*left to right*): Robinson, Hamlet, Sugars, McClear, Wilson, Knox, Robb, Thrift
Sitting: Caddel, Sedford, Coffey, Allen (Captain) Wallace, Landers, Parke

Blackheath v. Richmond, etc.

The classic encounter between Blackheath and Richmond was a good hard game, with little or no *finesse* in it. There was plenty of open forward work, in which, after the first half hour, the Blackheath side generally got the best of it. But the forwards on both sides spoilt their rushes by trying to pick up when they ought to have used their feet, while, conversely, the backs overdid their kicking. When they did any

passing, it was of the deliberate order and easy of anticipation, and Anderson's try in the first half was something of a surprise, for he got a clear run in, in spite of the fact that the passing was all along the ground. The second half was much better. The Blackheath three-quarters put in some effective cross-kicking, which led up to a try by Marriott, and thereafter the Blackheath forwards fairly gained the upper hand, their play at times being quite clever. Cambridge had no difficulty in beating Lennox, and Oxford have at last managed to pick up a win at the expense of the Nomads. About the closest match in the London district was Rosslyn Park *v.* Harlequins. Each side crossed the other's line thrice, but the Park's tries were converted and the other's weren't.

Three Good Soccer Matches

The game between Cambridge and Old Malvernians at Queen's on Saturday was one of those that make you wish that both sides could win, because everybody was keen and nearly everybody played jolly well. Cambridge were without Keigwin, Page, and Cornelius, and they had a very warm team opposed to them; but, all the same, I think they were a little unlucky in not scoring in the second half. Once Birks missed an almost certain score from a fine centre by Wright through slipping, and one or two of A. P. Day's saves may be described as rather lucky, without any disparagement to his goal-keeping, which was excellent throughout, except that he might, perhaps, have saved Birks's second goal. Birks, by the way, looks to me like a forward who will develop into something out of the ordinary. Malvern's strength in attack lay on the right, where S. E. and S. H. Day worked nicely together in conjunction with B. S. Foster. Oxford and London Caledonians had a very hard match at Tufnell Park, and at half-time only one goal had been scored, somewhat luckily by Oxford, for Ralston, in attempting to stop a shot by Curwen, only succeeded in tipping it well out of the goalkeeper's reach. However, in the second half, the Scotsmen managed to make it all square. Lovegrove again kept goal finely for Oxford, and Reid and Rutherford on the Caledonian side were great. In their match at Wood Lane with the Casuals, whom they beat by 3—1, the Richmond team showed a tendency to play a rough game, and thereby marred an otherwise good performance. Their first goal, by Gausden, looked rather a doubtful one, but they pressed almost continuously during the first half, and the Casuals were perhaps lucky in being only "one down" at half-time, Meers having put on another for Richmond and Durrant one for the Casuals after a neat run. In the second half the Casuals' forwards played a bit better, but their halves were very weak, and if it had not been for the good defence of the veteran S. L. King, and S. G. Luker, the Old Cantab, at back, coupled with some good goal-keeping, Richmond would have scored more frequently. As it was, they only got one more, through Seigle, who played well throughout.

Hockey and Lacrosse

The Cambridge hockey team are still going strong. On Saturday they beat Hampstead by 5—1, and on this form look to be stronger than Oxford, who beat the same club a couple of weeks back by 5—3. But Hampstead have been a bit out of form of late. Not so Southgate, who followed up their defeat of Cambridge last week with a tall score against Wimbledon (11—2), while Oxford beat Beckenham 6—1. Staines *v.* Teddington was a closer affair, the former winning by 2—0, and Surbiton only just got the better of Sheen by 4—3. The chief Lacrosse match of Saturday was Cambridge *v.* West London, in which the University just got the upper hand of their doughty opponents, after a capital game, by 8—6. Snaresbrook also came out two goals ahead of Clapham (6—4). Cambridge, by the way, before they met West London, had only had one goal scored against them this season.

Photo by *Stephen Cribb*

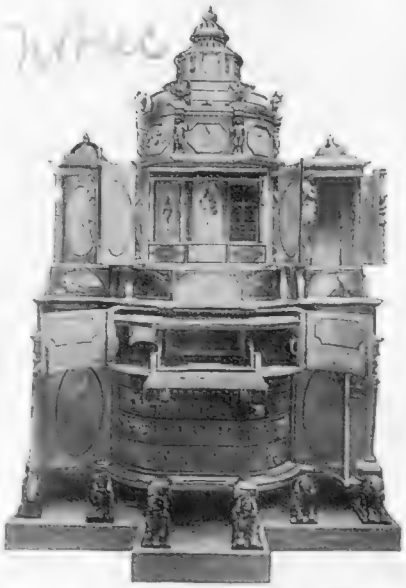
A unique photograph of shell used in the British Navy, from the projectile weighing 1,800 lbs. to the miniature Morris tube, weighing but a few drachms

(Taken at the great gunnery establishment, H.M.S. *Excellent*)

The Connoisseur

SOME "CONNOISSEUR" BOOKS

Among the splendid English artists of the eighteenth century there is no one now more generally admired and praised than the rival of Reynolds—the gifted painter of both portraits and landscapes, Thomas Gainsborough. And yet very few and very insufficient attempts have been made to write a history of his life. His neighbour, Thicknesse, J. T. Smith, and the Fulchers, have done something towards preserving the details of his busy days, and many accomplished critics have written on his work, but it has remained for Mr. William B. Boulton to give us "Thomas Gainsborough: His Life, Work, Friends, and Sitters" (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The result of what is evidently a labour of love is a delightful biography of one who had the faults and virtues of a great artist; a book of sustained interest throughout its 350 pages, compact of information, anecdotes, argument, and criticism. The forty illustrations are excellent reproductions of both well-known and little-known examples of the work of Gainsborough's fully occupied life, and include such charming pictures as the early characteristic "Mr. and Mrs. Sandby" to the much-talked-of and much-copied "Blue Boy," now in Grosvenor House, with claimants to the honour of being by Gainsborough still prized in France and America.



Satinwood cabinet, veneered with paintings

(Reproduced from "English Furniture," by F. S. Robinson, by kind permission of Methuen and Co.)

Three "Blue Boys"

It is the dream of all lovers of the painter to bring these three "Blue Boys" together, face to face, and judge, if possible, their history. Messrs. Methuen, whose books on "Connoisseur" subjects are widely appreciated, also publish a valuable work by Mr. Frederick S. Robinson on the now popular theme of "English Furniture" (25*s.*). Although a long list of books on this or analogous subjects is now before the public — we could add a good many to that given by Mr. Robinson—none will be found more complete, interesting, and valuable to collectors, than the present volume. To the fully instructed there is no more painful sight than to see the would-be man of taste in the direction of old English furniture struggling in a vain endeavour to free himself from the wiles of sophisticated or ignorant dealers. But with the aid of Mr. Robinson's work no one who studies it need fear the collector's ordinary foes. More than 150 plates, made from photographs of actual pieces of English furniture now in being, illustrate this work. These plates reach from fifteenth-century work to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and are particularly full in the great period of the eighteenth century.

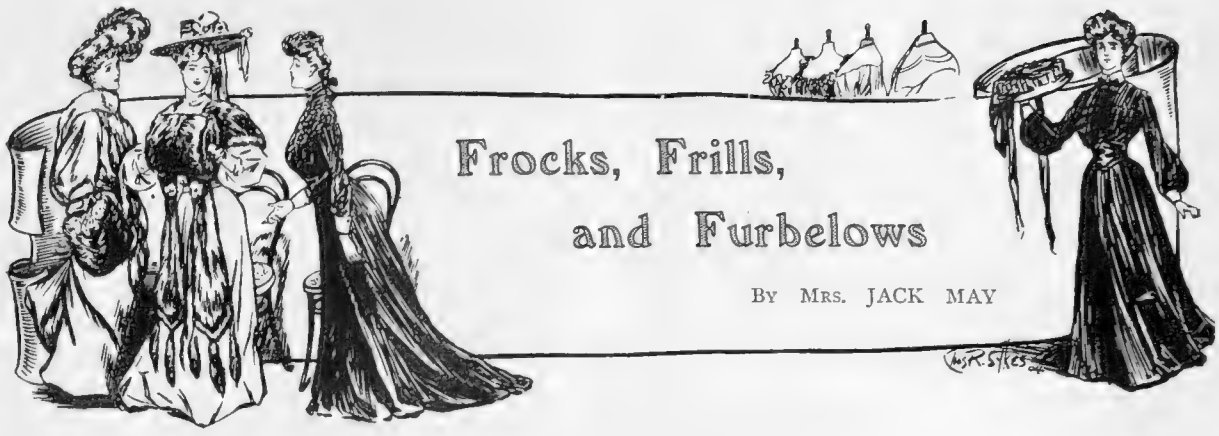
Mahogany "commode table," with gilt mouldings (Chippendale)

(Reproduced from "English Furniture," by F. S. Robinson, by kind permission of Methuen and Co.)

An Essay on Rembrandt

From the English cabinet-maker to the great Dutch painter and etcher who died in 1669 is an easy step to the connoisseur, for all beauty is within his circle of admiration. As Mr. Lewis Hind says, in his light, but informed essay for Mr. Mortimer Menpes's "Rembrandt" (A. and C. Black), "Not a turn or a twist of his life, not a facet of his temperament, not an individual of his family, friends, or acquaintances, not the slightest scrap of paper bearing mark of his hand, but has been peered into, scrutinised, tracked to its source, and written about voluminously." But notwithstanding this somewhat discouraging position of affairs, Mr. Hind arranges to give us much that is fresh, much that is charming, and no little that is pretty well known, in his gracefully written essay. To Mr. Mortimer Menpes the pictures are the thing, and of these he gives sixteen examples, printed by his own press after a method which he considers far better than anything that has gone before. For the first time, Mr. Menpes says, these masterpieces of Rembrandt, with all their rich, deep colouring, can be in the possession of everyone. Of course, even the most dogmatic are sometimes right, but interesting as are Mr. Menpes' prints, they will hardly carry such a weight of praise. Still, we can advise all lovers of Rembrandt's work to possess this volume.

E. M.



Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write—although it will be an old story when I am read—we are all flocking to the Automobile Show at Olympia. If crowds and general interest go for anything, this event has been crowned with success; the Hammersmith Road, never a wholly poetic spot, has been rendered hideous by lines of sandwich men, and pedestrians have literally held their lives in their hands during the trial trips that have gone on round and about Holland Road. However, such is progress. Talking of trial runs, I joined one in the 1906 patent 22 h.-p. Crossley to Roehampton Lane, and found every promise fulfilled of increased comfort in the longer springs on the "chassis." It is a veritable greyhound of a car, and literally slips along, without any apparent effort, a result born of great strength and versatility.

As an observer, I am wondering why the majority of women attend these Shows? The few only have the dimmest notion what constitutes an engine, the very foggiest notion also prevailing as to the terms, "chassis," "tonneau," etc., and since the prospect of the greater number possessing a car of their own appears as remote as ever, personal interest cannot be the incentive. Almost it seems as though this ardent feminine attendance must be placed at the door of natural gregariousness, and, as I prophesied last February, certain obvious efforts were made to emulate the Parisian example of dressing up to the gathering. Among other pleasant objects, my eye was caught and retained by a pretty, fair girl, dressed from head to foot in deep mauve, about the tone of a Russian violet. Her hat, of Josephine persuasion, was of mauve velvet, gown of mauve cloth, the habit skirt, slightly trained when raised, revealing a silk petticoat *en suite*, while smart mauve kid shoes and buckles completed a really very fetching attire.

Charming, also, was a gown of navy cloth, the long Directoire coat whereof was slit up at the back almost to the waist, also at the side, while the fronts were worn open, so that from almost every aspect one caught glimpses of a white moiré lining. The skirt was fashioned corselet wise, a fussy, dainty little shirt of lawn and lace finishing a story of unequalled elegance.

Before leaving my text of motoring, I really must tell you a delicious story that is going around. It is said that the motor maniac is so much on the increase, lunatic asylums are providing special extra wards to meet the supply. A visitor, on being taken into one the other day, observed cheerfully, "But this one is happily quite empty." "On the contrary," answered the attendant, "it is quite full; they are all under the beds, mending the springs."

A Pot-Pourri of Persuasions

Moiré and satin hats are quite the newest of the new in millinery circles. These have crept up as the mushroom in the night, though it may be safely surmised they will not as quickly disappear. In all shades of silver grey, mauveish and mole shades, pinkish mauve, and that indefinable wine shade, the hat effected in moiré or satin stands forth a novelty, as pleasing as it is original.

For shape, inclination runs to a low, rather large crown, and brim infinitesimally narrow in front, but widening towards the back, where occurs the inevitable *cache-peigne* for the acquiring of the requisite tilt forward. And on these *chapeaux*, a very profusion of flowers are disposed, lovely tangled masses of moss rosebuds, impossibly large, impossibly coloured, but wholly fascinating silk violets, and every stalk and foliage of a *dégagé* order. On a model of mauveish-pink velvet there rode a long sweeping feather entirely composed of violets, and I simply loved a confection that boasted a crown of chinchilla fur and brim of chinchilla grey satin that was positively hung about with a fringe of shaded red rosebuds, while the *cache-peigne* was formed of packed masses of pale chestnut-brown tulle. Even the descriptions read enticingly, do they not? whereas, the realities are—well!—superlative.

Rumour reaching me as to the graciousness of a certain slightly draped skirt, I courted inquiry and was duly rewarded by an introduction to a draped Princesse in green corduroy chiffon velvet; and, also, a skirt with separate corsage of old-rose cloth, that was just sufficiently raised to reveal a hem of velvet. Failing this *soupçon* of drapery, the only other *jupe* accorded any sort of recognition is the habit skirt, which Paris declines to have deleted by an inch of its short train.

The *trottoir* is quite another matter, and one purely relegated to country wear, a fact that, personally, I consider is to be deplored as unworthy the reasonable and seasonable moment.

The Grafton Fur Company

It takes a woman of adamantine purpose to resist the fur fascinations displayed in the window of

164, New Bond Street, and just now decked out to greater temptation than ever with the lesser peltry persuasions suitable to Christmas gifts. It is something of a unique experience to be able to procure from this exclusive house white fox stoles from £3 5s. Oh yes! I know there are any number of places advertising a similar supply, but at the Grafton Fur Company, we have every confidence of securing full value for our money. Whenever such an offer as this reaches me from a firm of the standing of the Grafton Fur Company, I am always persuaded it is one worthy to be investigated. For there is no one more punctilious as to character than the latter-day exclusive furrier. And, naturally, they have bigger facilities than others to obtain the best of the bargains in the fur markets.

A Louis Seize Theatre Corsage

Expressive of the most enchanting *chic* and charm is the dainty theatre bodice of white ninon, threaded with scarves of old rose *crêpe de chiné*, the orthodox *décolletage* and *pouf* of the short sleeve outlined by a finger-depth of dark fur.

A Cleaning Wrinkle

I should be interested to learn if many other women, in daily intimacy with petrol, had discovered the invaluable service of this spirit as a cleaning medium. A gallon of petrol is thoroughly capable of renovating several silk blouses, which are just dipped bodily into the spirit and worked up and down without any rubbing. And my experience has been that tinted lace has not changed its countenance, as one might reasonably have expected it would have done. The evaporation is very rapid, so the odour disappears quite quickly. Nor need I add, I am sure, that the whole operation requires to be carried through in some place safely removed from fire or lights, else will another epitaph need to be written analogous to the one about the little boy, the gun, and the dust.

A Louis Seize Theatre Corsage

Quite of the moment, also, are some particularly *chic* little musquash and nutria coatees here, that carry most emphatically the tone of their environment. There is such a world of difference between the individually evolved model and its City-inspired prototype, and at 164, New Bond Street only the former obtain, hence the unassailable position that is maintained there.

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A Woman's Note Book

My dear readers, do you ever dream—wide-awake dreams, sometimes improbable, sometimes impracticable, sometimes containing a good deal of sense mixed up with a great amount of nonsense? If so, you will excuse the fact that I dreamt, and, as it was a seasonable Christmassy sort of a dream, I am going to relate it. Looking out of my window, this is what I saw (only in the dream, mind): I saw a quite ideal village, with a pale winter sun gleaming through bare trees and making the frost-bound earth brilliant, the cottages were well built and tidy, with smoke curling peacefully from their chimneys, and when you went inside you saw fairy-land. It was just before Christmas, and busy hands were preparing for the requirements of Santa Claus—everything from bright paper crackers to farm-yards, dolls, Noah's arks, and miniature shops were there; fingers were cunning and the work a merry one; in fact, it was just what has so often been agitated for and never accomplished—a great industry for the manufacture of English toys.

Once again the problem of the unemployed has revived this idea, and the Press begins to plead for toymaking as an industry (and an art) in our own country. I know it has been tried, both in Ireland and the East End; yet British toys seem to have made no headway, and Germany, the land of Christmas trees, continues to be the land which decks them. Yet why should toymaking be a foreign or even an East End industry only? Our artisans and working people of all sorts flock to London; if we could but persuade them that many industries can be carried on equally well in the country, where living is cheaper, we should have done a great deal towards solving a problem. Toymaking is a trade which would be no disgrace to the best-planned Garden City, and is eminently suited to rural districts; but it is an *art*, and as such deserves special attention; for it remains a fact, violently as some people deny it, that in this country the so-called skilled workman is not always skilled, and defective training is answerable for a good deal of his misfortune.

English people are particularly clumsy with their fingers, and I attribute this mainly to the fact that sufficient attention is not given to the point in our elementary schools, because such dexterity cannot be well learnt in later life. It would be impracticable, I admit, to turn schools into workshops; but, at least, they should aid, rather than hinder, the natural bent of the scholar, and do a great deal more than at present is done towards fitting him for a future career. Toymaking can be learnt by women and girls, but in its more elaborate and scientific forms it is certainly not too trifling an occupation to claim the attention of men also. Such an industry should be a delight, for it is entirely dependent for success upon the skill of the workers.

Now, I want someone to put that dream together. Is there not a woman in the land with plenty of time on her hands who might, by her own exertions, create one such ideal village? Could not some girl leaving school, and wondering what on earth she is going to do with herself (there are plenty like that—I know them) learn toymaking, and teach it to those among the labouring classes, who, for one reason or another, find their own trade overstocked or failing them—or, better still, to young people seeking a start in life? It is not a useless suggestion; other trades have grown in this way. There is willow basket-making, which had some such beginning. I am told a good workman can earn three pounds a week at *that*. There is brush-making, likely, it is said, to have a great future. And if only we can compete successfully with the German toy, there is an *opening* for toymaking. And why not? It must depend upon the quality of the work; sound common-sense among its promoters, and cheerful, efficient labour among its workers, might build up a most flourishing concern.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME PUDDINGS AND SWEETS

Vanilla Soufflé
Chocolate Blancmange
Prune Mould
Mincemeat

Vanilla Soufflé

Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, mix smoothly into it 1½ oz. of flour, and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Then add one gill of milk and cook well. Remove the stewpan from the fire and beat in the yolks of four eggs, one at a time. Add 1 oz. of castor sugar and half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir in lightly. Pour the mixture into a buttered plain mould and steam for about three-quarters of an hour. Turn out on to a hot dish and serve with apricot sauce round.

Chocolate Blancmange

Take a tin of condensed milk and add some fresh milk to it, stir it over the fire, and stir into it about six sheets of white leaf gelatine which has been soaked in a cup of cold water, add four teaspoonfuls of grated chocolate, boil ten minutes, stirring all the time; when nearly cold, beat for five minutes, or until it begins to stiffen; put into a wet mould, and it will be firm in six or seven hours.

Prune Mould

Wash 1 lb. of prunes and soak overnight; next day stew till soft with 3 oz. of castor sugar and a few strips of lemon peel. Take out the stones, crack them, and keep the kernels. Dissolve 1 oz. of gelatine in hot water, and stir into the fruit and sweeten to taste. Have a plain mould wetted, and arrange the kernels in it; pour in the prunes and set to cool. Turn out, scoop a hollow place in the top of the mould with a silver knife dipped in boiling water, and fill with whipped cream.

Mincemeat

Stone and cut up 3 lb. of raisins, well wash and dry 3 lb. of currants, peel, core, and chop finely 3 lb. of apples, chop very small 2½ lb. of suet, shred and chop up 2 oz. of citron, 2 oz. of candied lemon peel, and 3 oz. of sweet almonds, 3 lb. of Demerara sugar, the juice and grated rind of three lemons, one nutmeg, one saltspoonful of salt, and half a pint each of brandy and port wine. Mix these all well together, adding in at the last the brandy and port wine. Put all into a stone jar and cover down tightly.

EMILIA.

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MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

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MOREEN UNDERSKIRT

Newest shape, full size, three flounces; in Red, Reseda, Cardinal, Prune, Grey, Helio, Brown, Myrtle, Electric, Navy Blue, and Black.

Unlined, **4/6.** Lined, **5/6**

MOREEN UNDERSKIRT

With three built-up flounces, and sets of tuckings, full size, newest shape; in Red, Reseda, Cardinal, Prune, Grey, Helio, Brown, Myrtle, Electric, Navy Blue, and Black.

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RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

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GIBBS' Shaving Soap.

Can be had in sticks in two sizes or in cakes.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

The Motor Scandal at Olympia

Now that the Show is over, I don't mind saying that Olympia was little less than a scandal. By Olympia, I mean the Motor Exhibition which sheltered in that building. It was an exhibition which directly reflected on our national respect for the law. Exhibition, indeed; nothing but an infamous collection of the latest kind of speed machines—law-breakers, every one of them—designed by their makers to contravene the Parliamentary statute whenever their starting handles are touched. In favour, too, amongst a depraved section of the public in direct ratio to their capacity for breaking the law. There was such a shamelessness about the business. Motorists, and the makers of motors, did not conceal their criminal propensities; there was a brazen disregard for the law on all sides. The manufacturers of even the most moderate-priced car, of the poorest petrolic production, boldly declared that it could exceed the limit by at least six or seven miles. As to the high-power varieties, words fail; thirty horse-power, forty horse-power types, geared to touch fifty miles per hour on the flat—why they were as common at Olympia as policemen in the hedges. Alas! there was no strong man with a sense of traffic to protest against these petrol plagues; there was no anti-motoring Mrs. Chant to raise her voice against this shameless traffic in potential dust-storms.

The Police Should Have Raided the Place

Stay, there was one car which actually complied with the existing regulations—one firm which recognised the law-abiding propensities of the motoring public. Rejoicing in the euphonious name of "Legalimit," it was so constructed that it could not go more than twenty miles per hour. This moral motor stood alone, a silent satire on the wild careers that lie before all other cars. Olympia, of course, ought to have been raided by the police, and, with the exception of this highly respectable car, every petrol space-devourer should have been confiscated. Motoring breeds a contempt for law and order. Car travelling develops amongst its habitués a sneaking sympathy with the criminal classes. Sooner or later the brass-bound whirlwind lands its owner in the courts. Despite all this, motor men are on the increase. Quite a number of orders for these conveyances were booked at Olympia. Many fresh people have been infected with a desire to travel beyond the legal limit. In fact, in many quarters the Society's Show has been called a great success.

Olympia's Principal Entrance

Olympia, as everyone knows, has proved far too small. Next year will, for certain, be worse. If nothing is done in the meanwhile to improve the building itself, at least some attention might be paid to the principal entrance. The road is a *cul de sac*, and it is also narrow. The modern long wheel-base car takes a bit of getting round. Turning in that narrow space proved troublesome to many a chauffeur. To have a car jerking backwards and forwards in front of the entrance, while others are arriving, is by no means desirable. If no widening is possible, the Society would do well to put in a turn-table at the end of the road before the next Show.

Small Cars at Popular Prices Still Scarce

There is still, it must be confessed, a lack of well-made small cars at a popular price. The profit on low-priced cars is at best but a tiny one, and makers fight shy of the risk consequent on production. Especially is this the case when just now they can make and sell medium-powered cars at profitable prices. The motor-bike and the tri-car, too, affect the market for light four-wheelers. The maker marketing a single-cylinder car at £130 or £140 feels the competition of the tri-car at £80 to £100. The practical failure of the motor-bike and trailer, and the doubtful future of the uncomfortable tri-car, should help towards making the £100 car a possibility. But, frankly, I do not believe that the would-be motorist of very moderate means will get

A comfortable Mercédès

At Olympia these speedy German cars attracted, as usual, a good deal of attention. They were shown on Stand 124 by the Cannstatt Automobile Association, of 34, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

THE PALACES OF THE RIVIERA

are the Riviera Palace at Monte Carlo and the Riviera Palace at Nice.

The Palace at Monte Carlo occupies an ideal position against the mountain-side, which protects it from cold winds. Its position exactly meets the requirements of the Authority who said, "The air of Monte Carlo is absolutely the best on the Riviera—as long as you keep to the hill-side." It dominates the whole of Monte Carlo and Monaco. The views from its windows, its terraces, and its gardens, embrace a vast sweep of the Mediterranean and the Coast. The private Electric Tramway takes you from the Casino Gardens to the Hotel in less than two minutes. The Hotel has this peculiarity, that every room, without exception, has a South Aspect, and almost every room has its own private Bathroom, Lavatory, etc. The covered-in Winter Garden protects the whole of the back of the Hotel, and the plants, foliage, and flowers therein are of marvellous beauty. The terraced Gardens, of many acres in extent, are the most magnificent on the Riviera. The Terrace is over a quarter of a mile long, is exposed full South, and is rich in flowers and palms. By the Calais-Mediterranean Train de Luxe one reaches Monte Carlo in about twenty-four hours from London, for, by leaving Victoria at eleven o'clock any morning, one may be lunching in the open air on the Terrace of the Riviera Palace before noon the following day. The RIVIERA PALACE AT NICE is another delightful place for a winter sojourn. It stands high on the hills of Cimiez, and so is in pure air, surrounded by Gardens of great beauty, with an unsurpassable view, and combining all the elegance and comfort of a modern high-class Hotel. In both the above Hotels, the Cuisine and Restaurant Service is the object of special care.

¶ The London Offices of the Riviera Palaces are at 20, Cockspur Street (The International Sleeping Car Company), whence tariffs and more detailed information can be obtained, and where rooms can be reserved, journey arranged, and whence all tickets, both Railway and for the Trains de Luxe, may be obtained in advance.

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is the Most Perfect Coat for Walking or Outdoor Sports.

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QUIT

QUIT is a game of **Extraordinary Merit.** It is the most popular and important game invented in the last half century.

The play is smart and lively, and offers exceptional opportunity for good judgment in play.

"We can heartily recommend the game, having put it to the best practical test."—*Free Lance.*

Club Edition (with the five suits in different colours), **2/6.**
Plain Edition, 2/-

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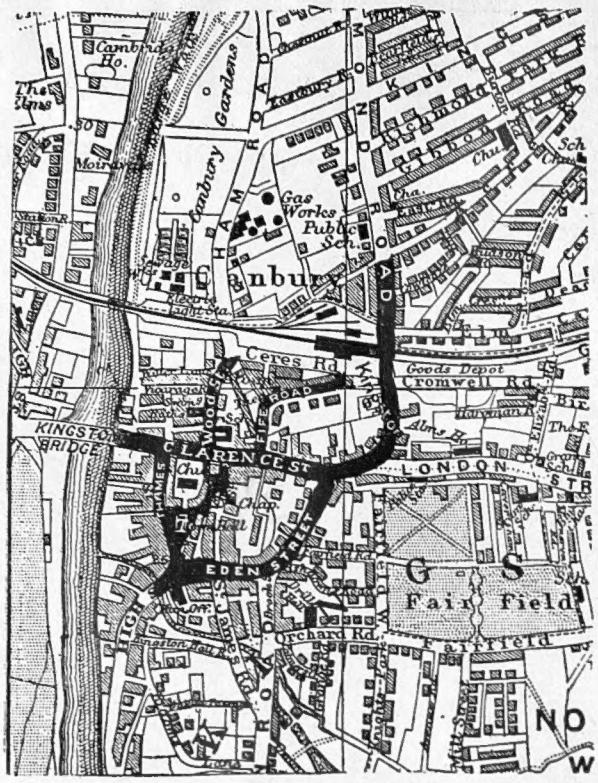
LOVELL'S CT. LONDON. E.C.
Sole Makers of **PIT. BID. SHERLOCK HOLMES GAME** etc

what he wants yet awhile. Eventually, cars at this figure will be produced, but only, I fancy, when the big factories and well-equipped works now springing up on all sides suffer from over-production of the higher-priced vehicles.

One Exceptionally Cheap Car

There is a one hundred guinea car, and I think I am right in saying only one. It is the 6 h.-p. Rover, and it must be admitted that for the money it is good value. This little car has a two-seated body, with a platform at the back for luggage. The wheels are 28 in., and carry 700 by 65 mm light Dunlops The engine is 95 mm. bore by 100 mm. stroke, with plain bearings, a solid crankshaft and fixed cams operating both inlet and exhaust valves. The clutch is metal-to-metal, of special design, and runs in oil. The gear has three forward speeds and a reverse. The speed lever is conveniently fixed on the steering pillar. High-tension electric ignition is fitted. It has a Rover carburettor, and rack and pinion steering. There are two pedal-brakes, but no hand-brake, the right pedal acting on the back wheel drums, the left wheel acting on a drum fixed to the propeller-shaft. If further experience shows that this little light car can last, and if the Rover Company can make a trading profit on it, it should encourage other makers to follow the example of this enterprising firm.



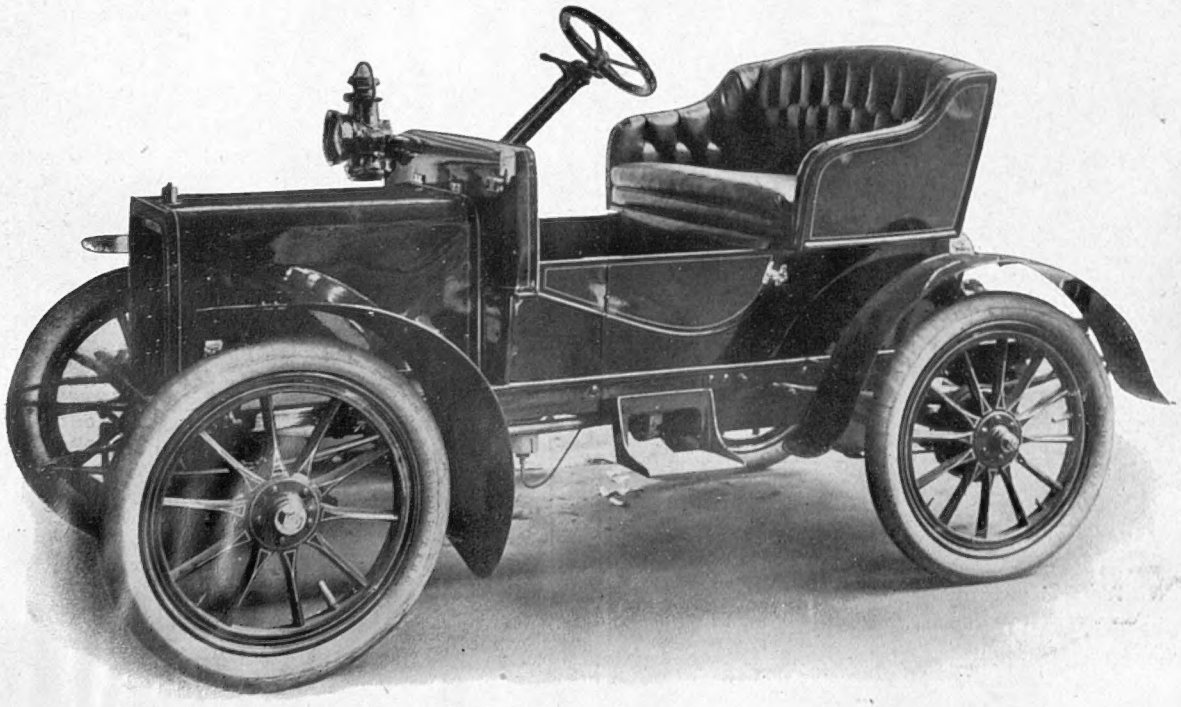
Chauffeurs, please go slowly

This map shows in black the streets in Kingston where a ten-mile limit will be in force after December 4

A Ten-mile Limit at Kingston

Up-to-date Kingston has, in a measure, succeeded in getting restrictions put upon the speed of cars passing through the town. The accompanying map shows the streets, marked in black, in which, after December 4, the speed of cars will be restricted to ten miles an hour. Remembering how in past days the magistrates of Kingston persecuted the harmless cyclist, it is quite believable that cars passing over these streets marked black will have a bad time. Justice at this riverside town has no mercy in it when the culprit is a car owner. The Motor Union might well put some notices, such as "Remember the Kingston Bench," at the spot where the ten-mile limit begins; so would motorists remember to travel at a crawl.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.



A 100-guinea car

The cheapest car at Olympia was the 6 h.-p. single-cylinder Rover. Weighing but 6 cwt., it is designed to carry two people and luggage. If fitted with wood wheels, an extra £15 is charged

FURS

For Xmas Presents

An Unique Selection
at Moderate Prices

AT THE

GRAFTON FUR CO.,

164, New Bond Street, W.

MANY PEOPLE HAVE ALREADY VISITED

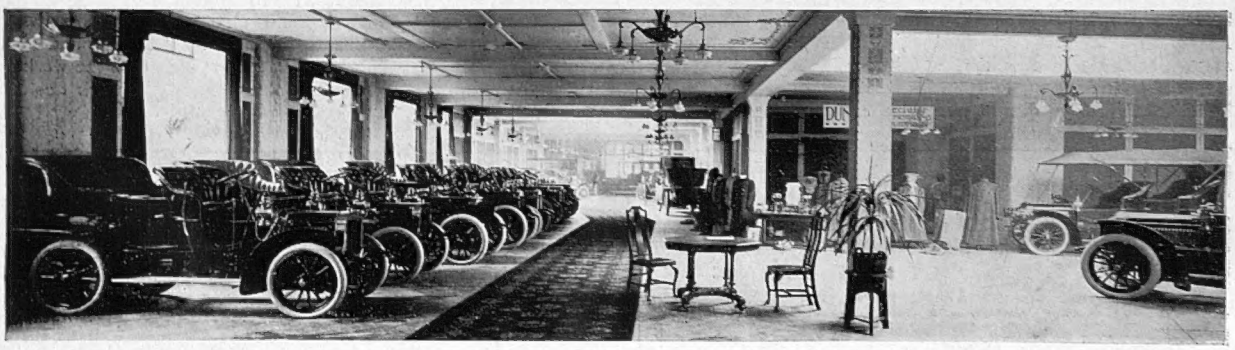
THE NEW LONDON DEPOT FOR ARGYLL CARS

AT

17, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

There are still, however, many motorists and prospective motorists who have not yet seen this magnificent

ARGYLL EXHIBITION.



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Contains upwards of 40 cars of all powers, and with every type and colour of body.
Any of these may be bought and taken away immediately if desired.

PRICES FROM— **£350 to £1,000**

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The Editor's Box

The New Alhambra Ballet

All that now remains to be done in connection with the forthcoming grand ballet at the Alhambra, is to invest it with an appropriate title and definitely fix the date of its production; in all other essentials, the elaborate and historical divertissement, in six tableaux, depicting Parisian life (for affectionate memories of the *Entente Cordiale* are still treasured at the Alhambra) at various periods between 1790 and 1906, is pleasingly complete. It is arranged and will be produced by Mr. Charles Wilson, is composed Mr. James M. Glover, and should secure instantaneous success, from the fact that it will re-introduce to London audiences that graceful and fascinating heroine of many monomimes, Mlle. Jane May. The nature of the new rôle of this charming actress will be sufficiently indicated by the information that she first appears in a Parisian Blanchisserie (1830) in a study which will even compare with her unapproachable Perriot in *L'Enfant Prodigue*. Two picturesque sets have been painted by E. H. Ryan and Philip Howden, respectively representing "Les Halles Centrales" in 1790 and the "Blanchisserie"; and four masterful modern scenes come from A. Menessier, of Paris.

Animal Lovers' Bazaar

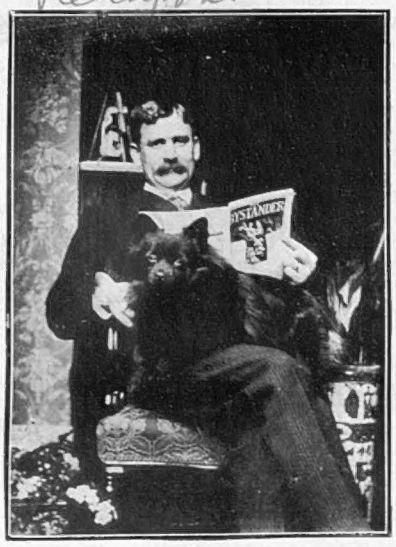
Three days of the present week—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 28th, 29th, and 30th inst.—are being occupied by the Animal Lovers' Bazaar at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, in aid of anti-vivisection work. The Princess Ludwig von Löwenstein-Wertheim opens the bazaar on the first day, and the treasurer, to whom funds are to go, is the Hon. Ernest Pomeroy, Green Lodge, Bovingdon, Herts. Among the attractions at the entertainments will be the performance of one of the unpublished dialogues of Mr. J. N. Raphael, the "Paris" correspondent of THE BYSTANDER, and also of the *Referee*, in which his sister, Miss Sybil Ruskin, will appear.

A New Refresher

The latest beverage, with which a jaded generation is bidden refresh itself, is "Apple Tea." Professor Ebbard, its inventor, claims that this tea, which is made with a shredded apple, contains "all and more than the good, and none of the bad, qualities of tea or coffee." It is, in fact, pleasant to the taste, refreshing and free from those poisonous elements which make tea and coffee drinking so fatal to many constitutions. It is a most agreeable drink, not unlike China tea, and in it all the best qualities of the apple are preserved. All particulars from S. W. Thompson and Co., 98, Great Tower Street, E.C.

"Ye Olde Bell"

One of the best and cosiest spots for a hunting man to quarter himself in during the winter is "Ye Olde Bell," close to Retford, on the Great North Road, and



"Three is company"

Mr. Gottschalk, a well-known newsagent, and his prize dog, "Sir Robin"

on the borders of Sherwood Forest and the Dukeries. In the old coaching days "Ye Olde Bell" was one of the most celebrated of the various inns on the road, and was kept by that well-known old yeoman, George Clark, who, besides horsing most of the coaches, kept a breeding and training establishment, with stabling for 127 horses. One of the stables has now been converted into two garages, with inspection pits and workshops, with a resident mechanic in attendance night and day, and every requisite for the motorist. Another portion has been turned into cottages of four rooms each, which can be taken separately if desired, and form an annexe to the hotel. The remainder of the stabling has been renovated and brought up to date, with lofts, men's rooms, boiling houses, and coach-houses, and there is accommodation for twenty-five horses, so that a hunting man can either take one of the cottages, with as much stabling and servants' rooms as he requires, and forage himself, or the hotel will undertake it at reasonable rates. There are eight packs of hounds within reach, three of them being close by.

Many of our readers are probably aware that Lord Galway's hounds met at "Ye Olde Bell" on Monday, November 20.

Garrick Theatre

The fiftieth performance of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Garrick Theatre took place on Thursday, the 23rd inst.

Art in the Cooperage

Champion and Co. are the old-established firm of vinegar brewers, and in the nature of their business are largely concerned in the manufacture of casks, and possess extensive cooperages. Inferior machine-made foreign casks, dumped in our midst, have threatened the very existence of the coopers' handicraft. The firm, holding very considerable stocks of thoroughly seasoned timber, and, in addition, having large resources, with an experienced staff of the most able mechanics, have been enabled to preserve, in some limited degree, this ancient handicraft. Enough experience has been gained to justify the belief that people now recognise that cut-down lard and butter tubs, so frequently used for garden trees, are very inefficient, and, in the end, costly. A very considerable demand has already arisen for the more perfectly manufactured and ornate tubs. Those supplied by Champion and Co. may be looked upon as a modern triumph in the ancient art of coopering. These tubs may be exported to any part of the world. Hitherto no one has been rash enough to send an empty tub across the sea. As to prices—they will be found to be most moderate compared with the work of the cabinet-maker, and the work itself more durable.

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"THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY."
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SEND 7d. IN STAMPS
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